

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## "TILL THE DAY BREAK."

LIGHT of the early dawn !  
 Sweet light, but dim :  
 When, o'er the hills, wheels up  
 The sun's broad rim,  
 Through twilight mists that hide  
 The glory of his pride,  
 We strive the coming majesty to trace,  
 And see, or think we see,  
 What the orb itself must be  
 When the clouds are torn asunder,  
 And with glad surprise and wonder  
 We look upon the brightness of his face.

So, in the days gone by,  
 Prophet and sage  
 Watched from the misty heights  
 From age to age,  
 And, through the breaking night,  
 Beheld the far-off light  
 Glimmer and glance among the peaks of time,  
 Thanking the hand that flung  
 Their shadowy paths among  
 Such fair forerunners of the light sublime.

They, ere the morning hour,  
 Each in his place,  
 High on his lofty tower,  
 With earnest face,  
 Expectant stood to view  
 The star-fires in the blue  
 Fade in the coming of a grander light,  
 Until the herald star  
 Shone in the east afar,  
 And the day rose with beams supremely bright.

O watchmen ! faithful all,  
 Good watch ye kept,  
 While in their sloth and sin,  
 The nations slept,  
 Scarce roused when, clear and shrill,  
 Pealed from the lonely hill,  
 Down through the dark, the solemn warning  
 voice,  
 Calling to vigil those  
 In indolent repose,  
 With a great shout that said, "Awake ! re-  
 joice !"

And farther to the west,  
 In night more deep,  
 A few great souls arose  
 And climbed the steep ;  
 And though their aged eyes,  
 Sweeping the silent skies,  
 Saw not the sunrise flush, to them denied,  
 Pity and Love decree  
 That one day they should see  
 The light for which they sought, and, groping,  
 died.

From grand but fruitless thought  
 And pure designs,  
 Dimly conceived beneath  
 The Argive pines,  
 Great Plato's eyes, that saw  
 The shadow of the law,

And trusted in the God he could not know,  
 Ere now have seen his face,  
 And felt the pardoning grace  
 More rich than all the wisdom prized below.

And we, upon whose path  
 And journey here  
 So broad a ray descends,  
 May cease to fear.  
 The distant heights, that lay  
 Once veiled in vapors grey,  
 Have caught the morning light that never  
 fades ;

We see and know the road  
 To heaven's serene abode,  
 And far behind us flee the twilight shades.  
 Sunday Magazine. HORACE G. GROSER.

## PROMISE AND FRUITION.

"Nevertheless afterwards."

AFTER the sweetness is rifled and robbed,  
 After the bee has been there with its sting,  
 After the tempest has scattered the bloom,  
 After has vanished the splendor of spring ;

After the formings and shapings so small,  
 After the tasteless and after the sour,  
 After the sunshine and after the fall,  
 Then do we see the kind ways of his power.

Pink blossoms have changed to clusters of gold,  
 And beauty of sight into beautiful food,  
 The tasteless and sour into sweetness untold :  
 All changes and chances have issue in good.

Would, Lord, that ever we thought of thy will,  
 Left changes and chances wholly to thee,  
 Would that in trust we could live and be still,  
 And say through all seasons, "God's har-  
 vests shall be !"

Sunday Magazine.

A. N.

## LIFE'S CHIVALRY.

WHERE, in the busy city's care and strife,  
 Its thirst for riches, and its toil for bread,  
 Is found that soul of chivalry in life,  
 Which some are mourning for as truly dead ?  
 Shall we seek for it in the forest glade ;  
 In hoary dim cathedral, gray with age ?  
 In chancel where the mailed knights are laid  
 With rusted lance, no further war to wage :  
 In mould'ring castle, or in ivied tower,  
 Where pomp and pageantry were wont to  
 be ?

Ah, no ! But yet the ancient spirit's power  
 Is with us, and its form, if we would see :  
 To labor cheerfully from hour to hour,  
 To do good graciously, is chivalry.

Chambers' Journal. ARTHUR L. SALMON.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE RECENT PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY  
IN SWITZERLAND.

BY EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

ALL observers of late years have been struck by the rapid progress of democracy, and this has never been more apparent than at the present date, or more rapid than, recently, in England. Already, in 1821, Mr. Roger Rollard quoted the minister De Serre's famous saying, "La démocratie coule à pleins bords;" and he added:—

Others may regret and complain at this; but I render thanks to Heaven for thus permitting a larger number of mankind to partake of the advantages of civilization. This state of things must be accepted; the only other alternative would be to destroy, impoverish, and stunt the intellect of the middle classes. Democracy is everywhere—in our industries, our property, our laws, our memories, in men as in things; all will admit that this fact is absolutely undeniable, and that our politics should bend to it.

In the introduction to his work on American democracy, Tocqueville expresses this truth in even stronger terms. He says:—

The gradual development of equality of conditions is then a providential fact; it is universal, lasting, and daily escapes further from human power, while both events and men combine to assist and advance its development. Is it likely that, after having destroyed feudality and abolished monarchies, democracy will be scared by the rich and middle classes? Is it likely to stop, now that it has become so strong and that its adversaries are so weak?

These truths, thus summed up by Tocqueville half a century ago, are far more evident at the present day than they then were. But it must not be forgotten that the word "democracy" may be understood in two different senses. It may be understood to mean, in conformity with its etymology, government by the people; or it may be understood to signify, as in the passage just quoted from Tocqueville, equality of conditions. The present apparently irresistible movement is one tending to equalize conditions; and it is destined to continue, because it is the result of economic influences, such as the

employment of machinery which diminishes prices and places a larger number of commodities within the reach of all, the division of inheritance, and the greater diffusion of education by schools and the press; but the definite triumph of democracy, in the sense of government by the people, appears to be far less assured. Many well-meaning persons fear that the attempt to establish greater equality of conditions may bring about a strife between classes, in which free institutions will be destroyed: and that thus anarchy would lead to despotism. There would be then democracy in men's conditions and an autocratic government, a Cæsarian democracy, a collection of enslaved individuals, all owning equal possessions, but living beneath the tyranny of an all-powerful master.

Happily this future is yet very far distant—at all events for most nations; and in the mean time it is well to try to ascertain what democratic institutions are the best suited to a people's government, so as to guarantee both order and liberty, and to avoid any recourse to that odious and shameful expedient of seeking safety and quiet in despotism. Switzerland has advanced further in this direction, has made bolder experiments, and offers, I think, a wider field of instruction than any other nation. In this particular she acts as a forerunner, for the democratic régime has nowhere else (not even in the United States or in Norway) been applied more logically, and consequently more radically, than here. At the present time, not only the important affairs of the cantons, but frequently also those of the entire Confederation, are decided by the popular vote. This is called the *referendum*, a word borrowed from the ancient federal organization, when the delegates could only vote or bind themselves at the Diet *ad referendum*—that is to say, they were obliged to refer their decisions to the cantonal councils of which they were the representatives. The referendum—or, in other words, the ratification or refusal of laws by the people—is in some cantons facultative and in others obligatory. It is obligatory when all the laws passed by the representative assembly must be sub-

mitted, once or twice a year, to the popular vote, and facultative when this vote only takes place on a request signed by a given number of electors, as is the case for the federal referendum. The 89th article of the Constitution of 1878 is as follows :—

Federal laws to be submitted, to be accepted or refused by the people, if this be demanded by 30,000 active citizens, or by eight cantons; the same to be the case with federal general orders which are not urgent in character.

All the cantons of Switzerland, with the exception of Freiburg, have now introduced the referendum into their constitutions more or less completely. It will be interesting to examine in what manner this direct government by the people, and this pure democracy, has gradually become established in the whole of Switzerland.

In the forest cantons, the democratic *régime* of ancient Germania which Tacitus defined in these words, "De minoribus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes" (The chiefs deliberate on matters of small importance, the whole of the people on others), has been maintained, almost uninterruptedly, from the commencement of history to the present day. In the cantons of Uri, the two Unterwaldens, the two Appenzells, in Glaris, and, until within a few years, in Zug and in Schwitz, all the inhabitants who were of age met together, twice a year, in the general assembly called *Landsgemeinde*, and held in a meadow; here they passed the laws, elected functionaries, and discussed matters of general interest. It is, as in the Greek republics, the direct government of the people by the people themselves without the intervention of a representative council. This *régime* was also in force among Germanic nations, even after the invasions of the fourth century, when "the assemblies of the fields of May" were regularly held.

If primitive democratic institutions have thus been preserved in the very heart of Switzerland, it is not, as is often said, because mountains are more favorable to liberty than plains, but because they keep off those two great enemies of democracy which have destroyed it else-

where—feudality, and later on, after the sixteenth century, centralization organized by royalty with the aid of a permanent army. With the difference of a few details the customs described by Tacitus have been maintained almost intact. "Ut turbæ placuit, considunt armati," he writes; and even now in Appenzell, when the citizens go to attend the *Landsgemeinde*, they frequently arm themselves with some old sword or rapier. Until the end of the last century some small villages and certain districts constituted independent republics, where the government was carried on directly by the people assembled in *Landsgemeinde*. This was the case at Gersau, Küsnacht, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne; at Einsiedlen and La Marche, on the Lake of Zurich; at Sargans, Gaster, Uznach, and Toggenburg, in the present canton of St. Gall. Toggenburg was a large district, where ten thousand six hundred citizens had the right to take part in the popular assembly.

In the other cantons, and in the towns where a more or less aristocratic or patrician *régime* had become developed, historians tell us that in important circumstances the authorities submitted certain measures to the vote of all the citizens; for instance, in 1449, when the town of Berne could not afford to return the sums of money borrowed from Basle and Strasburg, the people were consulted, and consented to a special tax being levied to meet the engagement. This was repeated several times; and even one hundred and eighty-eight years after, in 1610, the people were again had recourse to on the same subject. At the time of the Reformation the question as to whether or not the form of worship should be changed was decided by universal suffrage. In the canton of Valais the delegates of the twelve districts of the country, called *dixains* or *sehnens*, were obliged to defer the decisions of their assembly to the ratification of the inhabitants of their respective *dixains*. In the canton of Zurich, between the years 1521 and 1532, the people's voice was directly referred to more than once with respect to furnishing mercenary troops to foreign countries, and also regarding the treaty with France and religious reforms.



In 1802 the constitution of the Helvetic republic was subjected to the approval of the whole people; and since that date it has been an established fact that every constitution, whether it be for a canton or for the Confederation, must receive the sanction of the majority of active citizens or electors before its adoption.

After the start given to democratic movement in Switzerland, as elsewhere in Europe, by the Revolution of 1830 in France, several cantons modified their constitutions so as to give the people a more direct share in the government. To this intent the *veto* — *i.e.*, the right of opposing by vote the putting in practice of any given law or laws voted by the legislative council — was granted. This was a first step towards the referendum. St. Gall introduced the popular veto in 1831, Basle in 1832, Valais in 1839, and Lucerne in 1841. Valais was the first canton to adopt the referendum, but it was abandoned for a time in 1848; it was, however, admitted into the Constitution of 1874 for all decisions of the Great Council involving an expenditure of upwards of sixty thousand francs. The canton of Vaud adopted the facultative referendum in 1845, and Berne followed the example in 1846.

The French Revolution of 1848, like that of 1830, gave a fresh impetus to the progress of democracy in Switzerland. Already, in 1831, very interesting debates had taken place with respect to reforms to be operated in the constitution of St. Gall, and Major Felix Diog of Rapperswil had proposed to submit all laws to the votes of the people, who, he considered, ought also to have the right of proposing them. In suggesting this, he merely deduced the logical consequences from a principle henceforth generally admitted, the principle of the sovereignty of the people. His arguments, which paraphrase Rousseau's "Contrat Social," were as follows: The sovereign must exercise supreme power: his will must be law. Sovereignty cannot institute delegates. Every nation which is content to have sovereignty exercised by representatives abdicates its liberty. If an assembly of deputies make the laws, the people are no

longer sovereign. We should seek, above all things, to administer justice even more than bring about the general welfare, because the one is much more clearly distinguishable than the other.

After 1848 the theory of direct government was advocated and explained most powerfully by Rittinghausen in Germany, and by Victor Considérant in France; but the Conservative element looked upon any such scheme as a mere Utopia, not even worthy of refutation; and even the authoritative democrats, like Louis Blanc, considered it to be a resurrection of the federalism of the Girondins: we will not have, they said, a state of universal "Babelism," which would surely lead to the triumph of the counter-Revolution; the people are far too unenlightened to do without guides. Nevertheless, what was looked upon as a mere chimera in France and in Germany became successively realized in Switzerland in nearly all the cantons.

Schwitz and Zug commenced in 1848 by doing away with their Landsgemeinde, and adopting the representative system, at the same time introducing the referendum for all laws, and giving the right to any two thousand electors, at any time, to demand that any revision in the constitution be submitted to the approval of the people. Thurgau adopted the popular veto in 1849, and Schaffhausen in 1852. The same year the canton of Valais introduced the referendum for budget expenditure. Since that date twenty-four cantons and half-cantons — that is to say, all, with the sole exception of Freiburg — have adopted direct government in a more or less complete form. Some have the obligatory referendum for all their laws and general regulations, and, in addition, popular initiative, which means that a certain number of citizens have the right to lay bills before the legislative assembly, which is bound to look into and deliberate upon them. This system is practised in the cantons of Zurich, Basle, and St. Gall. In other cantons the referendum is merely facultative, which means that the people only vote on the decisions of parliament when this is desired and formally requested by a given number of citizens.

In other cantons again, as in Valais for instance, the direct intervention of the people is still more restricted. They are only allowed to interfere in financial matters, in the levying of new taxes or to sanction any important expenditure.

The purely representative *régime* is then, we see, almost universally abolished now in Switzerland. It was, however, at a certain period, a grand progress, for it was the sole means by which the inhabitants of a great nation could themselves intervene in the making of laws by the intermediary of their representatives. So long as only the direct form of government existed, as at Athens or in Germania, it could only be exercised within the limited circle of the city or the tribe. If several cities united, as in the Achæan League, or several tribes joined, as among the Franks, or if a conquering people became masters of a vast extent of territory, then the distance and the difficulty of locomotion prevented the citizens attending the general assemblies; these were gradually abandoned, and the government passed into the hands of the chiefs or the princes. The comparatively modern practice of representative government obviating this difficulty, we see it gaining ground in England first, then in the Cortes of Spain, in the States-General in France, in the Netherlands, and spreading in fact all over Europe. Only the system and the entire obligations and duties of a representative were then quite otherwise understood than they have been since the American and French Revolutions. At the present day, a member of parliament represents, not merely the electoral district he sits for, but the whole country; he must not vote in accordance with the opinions of his constituents, but in accordance with his own convictions, always keeping in view the general welfare as he understands it. Formerly, the members of the general assemblies were furnished with strictly limited orders: they had to express the wishes of those whom they represented *ne varietur*, and if any changes were suggested they were obliged to refer to them, as ambassadors refer to their government at the present time.

In the representative system previous to the Revolution, we see then that the opinions of the delegates had nothing to do in the making of the laws, they merely expressed the wishes of their constituencies. Now the referendum replaces the direction of the government in the hands of the people, and permits of an entire nation legislating—as did formerly a

small number on the public places of ancient cities, or on the "fields of May" of the Germanic tribes. The *plébiscite*, by a vote thrown into the urn at the local polling-booth, has rendered possible a system of government which had become absolutely illusory and impossible when the inhabitants, scattered over a vast extent of country, were obliged all to meet together in a given spot for the purpose of voting.

Certain uncompromising partisans of direct government maintain that this can only really exist in its true form when carried on as in the popular assemblies at the Forum, the Agora, or, as at the present day, in the Swiss *Landsgemeinde*. There, at all events, they say, the electors can listen to the voice of their orators, they can gather information from the arguments and discussions which take place, and can be convinced by an appeal to their reason or their patriotism. The vote by referendum—that is to say, by a simple paper on which the elector writes yes or no—is lacking in the chief advantage of democratic government, deliberation. Such a vote is too often the result of intrigue and party manœuvres, quite apart from any merit which may be possessed by the measure it is proposed to accept or reject. "The *Landsgemeinde*," said an eminent federal councillor, Mr. Welti, "is a true and living form, but the referendum is dead: it is a mere fiction, democracy on paper." In the *Landsgemeinde* each one feels himself a citizen, acting in the fulness of his power, but ready to submit if needs be. In the referendum the man is replaced by a bit of paper. It is "a government of atoms." My reply to this is that the ancient orator has given place to the modern press; that the elector learns more respecting the questions of the day in the newspaper he peruses each evening, and is rendered thus far more capable of forming an opinion for himself than he was after listening to a few discourses pronounced in the midst of tumult and agitation, just before the voting commenced; and that if the preliminary manœuvres of parties are an evil, certainly the attractions of eloquence are not without peril. Besides, the *Landsgemeinde*—that is to say, the assembling for voting purposes of the entire number of electors in a given spot—is no longer possible now, save in remote and primitive cantons, very scantily peopled, and where all is regulated by old-fashioned customs and laws, and there are but few changes to be made.

Rousseau condemns the representative system most absolutely. He asserts that no nation can be free which has not established self-government on the same footing as the Greek cities of old; but as, at the same time, he admits that such a *régime* would be impracticable nowadays, he comes to the conclusion that true liberty is beyond the reach of the modern man. He gives such a clear explanation of the whole root of the matter, that, although the passages are so well known, I think I cannot do better than refer to one or two of them:—

Sovereignty being merely the exercise of the general will can never become alienated. The sovereign is a collective being, and can only be represented in his own person.\*

Sovereignty cannot be represented other than in the person of the sovereign, for the same reason that it cannot become alienated. It consists essentially in the general will, and will cannot be represented.†

It must be admitted that if, as is daily repeated, especially in England, law ought to be the expression of the people's will, then Rousseau's argument must hold good. Every man is his own master. He alone is concerned in his affairs. No one has any right to rule or direct him. He owes obedience to those laws only to which he himself has agreed. But the reply to make to Rousseau is that the basis of his argument is false. Men's acts are not legitimate from the fact of their being voluntary; they are legitimate in so far only as they are in conformity with right, justice, and the general interest of humanity. The object of all government is the welfare of all. A law is good if it aid the attainment of this object; it is not rendered good by any action of the human will. The duty, the interest of each individual is to seek to discover what regulations would the best tend to the general well-being, to proclaim them, and to submit to them.

Man does not possess absolute power even over his own person. He owes obedience to whatever represents reason and justice. Mirabeau said most admirably, "La raison est le souverain du monde," a truth which Guizot reproduced in the following terms: "C'est toujours de la raison, jamais de la volonté, que dérive le droit au pouvoir" (The right to govern is always derived from reason, never from will). Why does a father possess authority over his child, and why is it his right

to command and the child's duty to obey? Because the father has greater experience and more reason, because he knows better what is good for youth, and because it is therefore to the interest of both that he should be obeyed. Why are persons with weak intellects placed under guardianship? Because a man has a right to dispose of himself and his belongings on condition that he is a reasonable being; when he ceases to be that, in his own interest, as well as that of society, others must control his actions.

See what shipwrecked sailors do on a raft. If the captain or an experienced seaman be amongst their number, they give him the entire command, knowing that able management alone can save them, and they implicitly obey all his orders. Why? Because he, more than any other, possesses the knowledge necessary to the safety of them all. Government and sovereignty ought always to be in the hands of those who have the most reason, and the most light on public matters—that is to say, those who are the best able to discover and apply an order of things the best adapted for the welfare of all classes.

A political *régime* is good if it place the direction of affairs in the hands of sensible persons, capable of well-governing, and wholly devoted to the cause of justice and to the general welfare; but where are such to be found? One is tempted to reply, among well-to-do people who have a certain amount of leisure time at their disposal, or those whose functions necessitate a certain degree of instruction and intelligence—that is to say, in the language of the day, among the *consitaires* and *capacitaires*, or as the ancients would have called them, the *aristoi*.

But it is certain that the experience of all time teaches us that man is ever tempted to seek his own personal advantage even at the expense of others; it follows, then, that if the government be placed entirely in the hands of the educated classes, who can afford to live in ease and comfort, they will exercise their authority for their own, instead of for the general welfare, considering that in so doing they are serving the interests of the State. In all ages and countries the class deprived of rights has always been oppressed. It is true that the aristocracy of Rome, Venice, and England did much to advance the art of government in their respective countries, and thus insured great power and splendor to the State they directed; but both laws and wars were always so ordered as to increase the riches

\* Contrat Social, chap. i.

† Ibid., chap. iv., p. 14.

of the great, without improving the condition of the masses. The people were but the means to attain an end, and this end was other than their own happiness and prosperity. They merely supplied the men necessary for the battlefields, and the revenues to sustain the luxury of the wealthy lords, as also the arms which served to hold themselves in bondage.

As the aim of every government should be the general welfare, which is formed by the collection of individual welfares, and as, at the same time, each is better able to judge than his neighbor what is necessary to his own personal happiness and comfort, it appears naturally to follow that all should be asked to select a government which should constantly keep in view the happiness and perfecting of all. Unfortunately, as far as laws and regulations of a general category, and apart from individual interests, or at least touching these but indirectly, are concerned — the man of the multitude, who has received but a very elementary education, the workman absorbed in his daily labor, has the greatest difficulty in discerning what measure would be of the greatest utility to himself personally, and to the majority of his countrymen or fellow-citizens; his tastes and passions will, on the contrary, frequently lead him to vote for measures fatal to the nation and hurtful to himself.

The organization of a system of political administration, where order would reign, and which would insure the utmost possible general happiness, seems thus a problem almost impossible to solve. Place the power in the hands of the rich and capable, and they will use it to serve their own personal ends. Distribute it among all, and the lower classes, unable to discern what is the most to their advantage, will vote for measures fatal to both the State and to order; anarchy will then ensue, which paves the way to despotism.

This is a syllogistic circle from which escape appears difficult. The best alternative to effect it seems to me to be the following: In the first place to accord the largest possible domain to individual activity, because, as this activity is stimulated by personal interest, it will generally tend towards what is useful to the individual himself, and the total of these individual advantages make up the general welfare; for matters of common interest, to reserve the greatest possible number for that circle, where even the least cultivated man can discern the connection which exists between a regulation for public order, laws, and administrative

decisions, and his own personal interest, and can give his voice accordingly — by this circle I mean the commune; finally, for measures regarding national interest, which, on account of the complications in relations which they imply, are beyond the appreciation of the masses of the population, defer to delegates who shall be so selected as to possess ample capacity on the subject in debate, and at the same time shall be as much as possible devoted to the welfare of the majority.

In Switzerland, democracy has admirably realized the first two headings of this programme; and for the third, an attempt has been made to reserve final decisions to the people themselves by means of the referendum. Will this attempt be a success? It remains to be proved. At all events, let us wish it may be, and this chiefly for two motives. Firstly, because direct government is certainly the best stimulus to culture, and offers an aim to the acquirement of instruction, and useful employment for it when acquired. What population was ever so cultivated as that of Athens? And, secondly, as the people naturally pursue their own advantage, if they become sufficiently enlightened to understand the measures which the best contribute to insure it, the general welfare will be more effectually and more simply attained than by any other system. But the question is, do the Swiss already possess sufficient enlightenment to take upon themselves the direction of the government? This question can be examined, firstly theoretically, and secondly experimentally, if we look into the results of the referendum since it has been in force.

It will be easily understood that the question of the referendum was very frequently under debate in the Swiss parliament, both before, during, and even after, its adoption. Recently, too, it has found two warm partisans in Mr. Theodor Curti, author of "*Geschichte der Schweizerischen Volksgesetzgebung*," and Mr. Numa Droz, one of his country's most distinguished publicists.\*

The opponents of the referendum maintain that there are a great many measures proposed in parliaments on which the population generally are wholly incompetent to pronounce a judgment. Under these

\* For further information consult "*Die Schweizerische Demokratie*," by Dr. J. Dubbs; "*Die Erweiterung der Volksrechte*," by F. Gengel; an article by Mr. Gustaf König in the review *Organ des Zöfingervereins*, April, 1884; and articles by M. Tallichet in the *Revue Suisse* he so ably edits.

circumstances, an appeal to their opinion would imperil interests of the highest order, and, in the first place, those of the people themselves. For instance, an organized system of higher education is an absolute necessity for a modern nation, but as the working classes would not benefit by this they would refuse the necessary expenditure. And again, civil laws and trading regulations frequently offer such difficulties as to baffle the most able legislative assemblies, who content themselves with passing measures which must needs be far from perfect. Would it not be simple madness to submit these laws to the approval of the masses? Can one imagine peasants and laborers settling a question at a bar, between two glasses of ale, which eminent legists could not agree upon? Conceive a code of law drawn up with thought and care by the most learned lawyers thrown out by a majority of farm laborers.

By thus appealing to the people to effect that for which they have no capacity you are simply holding them up to ridicule. At the same time, this call on the popular vote breaks the spring of the legislative assembly. With a representative system, each deputy feels himself responsible for the resolutions which his vote contributes to pass; but when he knows that the final decision rests with the people he will feel himself of less importance, he will study the bills less and vote more indifferently. Parliament will become henceforth a mere preparatory committee, a sort of council of State.

The partisans of the referendum reply to this: that parliament would not be annihilated, but would merely cease to be omnipotent; that in most countries there is a second chamber, and bills have to pass at least two readings; but that it would be an exceedingly difficult matter to constitute a second chamber, endowed with requisite vigor and authority, in a country thoroughly democratic; and that therefore the appeal to the people replaces this; that this appeal acts as a sort of council of revision, to refuse or sanction, after a lengthened debate in what may be styled the popular forum, the decisions of the representative assembly. Mill admirably and clearly shows forth the dangers which may result from the unchecked omnipotence of a single chamber; the temptation to commit excesses is frequently too strong to be resisted, as the example of the Roman emperors and of all other despots proves. With the referendum this danger wholly disappears.

The referendum possesses the advantage of showing decisively and surely where the true majority lies. The minority's only alternative is then to submit. Recently in England, in the course of last year, in order to break through the opposition of the House of Lords to the new electoral law, a great number of public meetings were organized on both sides, where the numbers present were counted, so as to prove that the majority of the nation were in favor of the reform. This appeal to the people very nearly resembled the Swiss referendum, only it was productive of almost revolutionary agitation. In the autumn of last year, in Belgium, the supporters of both parties collected together their adherents, and from sixty to a hundred thousand men marched past the king's palace on two different days, each party being anxious to prove that it possessed the majority. If, after all, the majority of popular voices is to hold the reins of government, why not establish at once the system in force in Switzerland?

It must be frankly admitted that universal suffrage is too often a mere decoy, and that nations who have adopted it do not contrive to see their wishes fulfilled. The representatives often embark in foreign expeditions or experiments, increase the army, borrow loans, and levy taxes; the people groan and complain, and now and then a revolution ensues. This makes new expenses, but nothing is altered. The house, misnamed representative, does not at all represent the wishes of the electors. The only real method for this to be absolutely fairly manifested is by the referendum.

The associations which have been formed in different countries for the representation of minorities have clearly proved that very frequently the majority in a parliament is elected by a minority of electors, or even of voters, and that, at all events, the minority is as sacrificed as if it had no existence at all. With the referendum, on the contrary, it is perfectly certain that the decisions emanate from the majority of voters, and it becomes less important to represent the minority, because, as each law is submitted to fresh voting, the minority of to-day may be the majority of to-morrow.

Again, as laws must receive the people's sanction, parliament will not vote them unless they are really necessary to the public welfare. Bills would be no longer carried by assault, as it were, by the persuasion of an eloquent popular orator, or



to toady to an influential ministry. There would be an end to those parliamentary cliques, which in some countries, such as Greece and Spain, make and unmake Cabinets, to the profit of certain private spies, ambitions, or intrigues. It is possible that some useful progress might be delayed, but it is certain that an immense amount of excess and abuse in legislation would be avoided.

Of the two forms of referendum, the facultative and the obligatory, Mr. Numa Droz prefers the latter, and public opinion inclines also more and more in its favor. The facultative referendum—that is to say, popular consultation, when this is requested by a given number of electors—is open to very serious objections. "The agitation," says Mr. Droz, "occasioned in procuring the necessary signatures excites men's minds, and turns their thoughts from the real question at issue; public opinion is thus pre-biased, quiet discussion of the projected bill becomes an impossibility, and there is every chance of its being rejected without due examination: whereas the system which subjects all the laws voted by council regularly, twice a year, to the popular vote does not offer this inconvenience."

The most serious objection to the referendum is that it is not at all suitable for the direction of foreign affairs. When a treaty is concluded with a foreign power, it would be exceedingly difficult to have to submit it to the vote of the people. In Switzerland, exception is therefore made to the general rule in these instances, and the federal government settles such questions without submitting them to the people. It must also not be forgotten that any treaty signed by the president of the United States must receive the ratification of the Senate to become effectual, and that in the majority of other countries the sanction of the entire parliament is necessary for any treaty involving financial or economic interests.

Let us now examine what have been the results of the referendum. It may be said that it has deceived both the fears of its opponents and the hopes of its partisans. It was most strenuously supported by the Radicals, who have been successful in introducing it into the constitution of all the cantons save one; and equally strenuously opposed by the Conservatives, who looked upon it as the triumph of the Revolution. On the whole, it has shown itself economical, adverse to centralization, to strong power, and to heavy outlays, and consequently hostile

to what is called Jacobin, or Radical policy. It is a strange fact, and one that seems quite inexplicable after a cursory glance at the subject, that the same universal suffrage which persistently nominates Radical members to parliament, as persistently rejects all that they propose. This is because at elections the names of the candidates are given in, and the electors all obey a watchword: whereas with the referendum each measure is judged upon its own value. The authoritative party is already beginning to discover with Louis Blanc that it is a counter-revolutionary institution, and it has been indeed nicknamed the *phylloxera* of the ballot. On the other hand, the Conservatives, changing their opinion quite as completely as the Radicals, praise it to the skies, and consider it as their harbor of refuge.

The immense number of revisions that have taken place in the Swiss cantonal, and even in the federal, constitution, are really curious. According to a very interesting table published in 1880 by M. Chatelanat in the "*Manuel statistique de la Suisse*," we see that from 1830 to 1879, there were one hundred and fifteen revisions in cantonal constitutions and three revisions of the federal constitution. Vaud, Schaffhausen, the town of Basle, and Schwitz each changed their constitution, either wholly or in part, five times.

Between the years 1830 and 1847 twenty-seven revisions took place, which converted Switzerland from an aristocratic into a democratic republic. Between 1846 and 1862 there were twenty-two revisions, with the object of definitely establishing representative democracy. From 1860 to 1880 there were again fresh revisions, with a view to attaining direct popular government; and in this single year, 1885, three cantons, Vaud, Berne, and Argau, revised their constitution. One noteworthy fact is that these important changes in the political *régime* were all accomplished peacefully and quietly. Everywhere also constitutional revisions have been facilitated. Either councils or the people themselves can, as a rule, take the initiative.

The following sketch shows what direct share the inhabitants of each canton take in their respective governments. Zurich—obligatory referendum twice a year, and the initiative granted to all groups of five thousand electors. Berne—obligatory referendum; eight thousand electors have the right to exact the demission or re-election of the Great Council. Lucerne



— veto against any expenditure exceeding two hundred thousand francs in capital, or twenty thousand francs annually, if this be in accordance with the wishes of five thousand electors. Uri — Landsgemeinde, that is to say, government by the whole of the inhabitants united in a general assembly. Schwitz — obligatory referendum and veto for a minimum of two thousand electors. Obwalden — Landsgemeinde. Nidwalden — Landsgemeinde. Glaris — Landsgemeinde. Zug — veto for all expenses in excess of forty thousand francs in a lump sum, or of five thousand francs a year, if requested by five hundred electors; initiative for laws to a minimum of one thousand electors. Freiburg — representative democracy; no referendum. Soleure — obligatory referendum, and initiative for a minimum of two thousand electors. Basle (town) — veto, and facultative referendum if requested by one thousand or more electors, and the initiative for laws for the same number. Basle (country) — obligatory referendum, and the initiative for fifteen hundred electors and upwards. Schaffhausen — veto, and the initiative accorded to a minimum of one thousand electors. Appenzell, A.R. — Landsgemeinde. Appenzell, I.R. — Landsgemeinde. St. Gall — veto for six thousand electors. Grisons — obligatory referendum. Argau — obligatory referendum twice a year, and the initiative to five thousand electors. Thurgau — obligatory referendum, and the initiative to a minimum of twenty-five hundred electors; five thousand inhabitants have the right to insist on the demission of the council. Tessin — facultative referendum when requested by five thousand electors. Vaud — initiative for six thousand electors; facultative referendum proposed by the Great Council. Valais — referendum for financial matters. Neuchatel — facultative referendum if requested by three thousand electors. Geneva — facultative referendum on the demand of thirty-five hundred electors. Only one canton has not yet adopted direct government under one or other form — it is Fribourg, which is Roman Catholic.

The following are a few results of the federal referendum which was introduced into the constitution in 1874. A law is proposed for the modification of federal electoral rights, and 108,674 electors sign the veto against it; it is submitted to the popular vote on the 23rd of May, 1874, and thrown out by 207,263 votes against 202,583. On the same day another law respecting registration, against which the

veto had been signed by 106,560 electors, is nevertheless passed by 213,199 votes against 205,069. A law on bank-notes, struck by the veto of 35,886 electors, was thrown out on the 23rd of April, 1876, by 193,293 votes against 120,068. A law relating to the indemnities to be paid by those dispensed from military service was twice consecutively thrown out; the first time on the 9th of July, 1876, by 184,894 votes against 150,157, and the second time when presented under a fresh form on the 21st of October, 1877, by 181,383 votes against 170,223. The Factories Bill was, on the contrary, accepted on the same day by 181,204 votes against 170,857. Another project for a reform in electoral rights was again thrown out by 213,230 votes against 131,557. The opposition to the project had gained great ground. The law granting subsidies to the Alpine railways, and principally to the Gothard, was passed by a large majority, 278,731 votes against 115,571, on the 19th of January, 1879, in spite of an exceedingly violent opposition.

On the 14th of June, 1884, a federal law, based on the 27th article of the constitution, was proposed, which suggested the organization of a federal office for public education, with a secretary and some subordinate *employés*, the whole necessitating an outlay of about twenty thousand francs. It was to have been an imitation of the Board of Education in the United States, which renders such valuable service in furnishing information and statistics, without at all interfering in school or academic legislation, which is the province of the State both there and in the Swiss cantons. The Catholic cantons and the Conservative Protestants considered this measure as a step in the direction of the centralization of education, which the Radicals are so anxious to see established. The referendum was demanded, and on the 26th of November, 1882, the bill was thrown out by 318,139 voices against 172,010. The last popular vote took place on the 11th of May, 1884, and was concerning four laws: —

1. A law touching the organization of the federal department of justice and police of the 11th of December, 1883. It was proposed to appoint a special secretary for justice and legislation, and to make the appointment worth from fifty-five hundred to seven thousand francs a year.

2. A law concerning the duty on commercial travellers' patents on the 11th of December, 1883.

*Federal order.*—Commercial travellers travelling in Switzerland for a Swiss house, may be allowed, on simply establishing their identity, to accept orders, either with or without patterns, on condition they have no goods with them.

This was a most just measure, for foreign commercial travellers enjoy this advantage.

3. A federal law concerning the addition of an article to the penal federal code of the 4th of February, 1883, proposed on the 19th of December, 1883, and designated as the Stabio article.

*Article 74 bis.*—When there is a criminal trial in a canton, and that, owing to political agitations or other causes, the impartiality or absolute justice of the judges may be in any way called in question, the federal council to have the right to refer the investigation and the judgment to the federal court, even if the crime be one not anticipated in the present code. If this be so, the federal tribunal to judge the case according to the laws of the canton where the crime was committed.

4. A federal order according a grant of ten thousand francs to the Swiss legation at Washington for a secretaryship, 19th of December, 1883. The referendum was demanded for all laws and federal orders with the following results:—

*Votings for 11th of May, 1884.*

|   | Noes.   | Ayes.   |
|---|---------|---------|
| 1. Organization of the federal department . . . | 214,916 | 149,729 |
| 2. Travellers' patents . . .                    | 189,550 | 174,195 |
| 3. Penal code (Stabio article) . . . . .        | 202,773 | 159,068 |
| 4. Washington legation . . .                    | 219,728 | 137,824 |

This persistent rejection of federal laws was a declaration of distrust in central authority, and this distrust was chiefly attributable to the law respecting judicial competency, whose object, it was said, was to withdraw the Radical and turbulent minorities from the jurisdiction of the cantonal courts, an exceptional measure instigated by the disturbances which took place at Stabio in the canton of Tessin.

It is seen then that the referendum is by no means complacent; it very readily rejects, and on an average negatives two proposals for one assent. It nevertheless accepted all the best laws submitted to its decision, and its refusals are generally attributable to a marked antipathy to heavy outlays and to centralization, a dislike which an economist cannot find fault with. It is a singular fact, too, that in most instances the votes are almost equally divided.

Mr. G. Niederer of Trogen has published in the *Journal de statistique Suisse* (1882) a table of the referendum popular votes for the canton of Zurich since the revision of the constitution in 1869 to the year 1882. In twenty-eight different referendums the people had given their opinion on ninety-one laws and decrees, eleven of which emanated from popular initiative. Here just the reverse took place to the federal voting; we find sixty-six acceptations, and only twenty-five rejections. The most difficult questions were thus subjected to the people's consideration—for instance, the revision of certain books of the codes of civil and criminal procedure, a law on bankruptcy, on dispossessions, on educational organization, on bank monopolies of issue, and even a regulation respecting the destruction of cockchafers. The votes are very similar to those of an ordinary parliament, with this difference, that the people are naturally hostile to all expenditure for even necessary and justifiable public functionaries. They will refuse two or three times consecutively to vote the requisite sums for paying stipends, and will not grant indemnities to schoolmasters or pastors out of place. They will neither increase the subsidy for the Gothard Railway, nor for the new buildings at the Polytechnikum; but I cannot perceive that any vote has a tendency to levelling or to demagogism. For example, five thousand citizens requested the State to take in hand the management of the corn trade; this was put to the vote and thrown out by thirty thousand votes against sixteen thousand.

The number of electors who take part in the referendum voting is always very considerable; sometimes as many as eighty-eight per cent., and it has never been lower than sixty-six per cent. It is a noteworthy fact, and much to the credit of the population, that the non-attendances were much less frequent when laws respecting education were to be voted upon. In such instances, too, the usual love of economy is less manifest; for example, State assistance was approved in the expenses of the communes for their school buildings, and facilities were granted to poor scholars for completing their course of higher education. The proposal, too, made by five thousand citizens to suppress obligatory vaccination was rejected. As Mr. Niederer, the author of the article which supplies us with these details, says, it is unfortunate that no table of the popular voting has been published in other

cantons. According to notes taken on the subject, however, I think that the results would very nearly resemble those of the canton of Zurich. In Basle country, the rural majority which are in force there are reproached for their excessive avarice, which is constantly reducing the appointments of their pastors, schoolmasters and mistresses, and other *employés*. In Basle town the complaint is that the referendum has built a third bridge over the Rhine, which cost a million francs and is of very little utility: this prodigality is explicable because the rich pay and the poor use the bridge. In Neuchâtel the Radicals of the Grand Council introduced progressive taxation, and, curiously enough, the popular vote rejected it. On the other hand, recently the Radicals, also in power in the canton of Vaud, voted a tax on capital, progressing so rapidly that it was said that all independent gentlemen and families living in ease would leave the country. The people nevertheless gave their sanction to the measure.

On the whole the referendum has not justified the objections that were made against it. It is true that the electors are frequently called upon to vote, but they are not yet tired of doing so, and their decisions have not been often adverse to the general interest. No one will affirm that they have always been the wisest and best, and they may be reproached with having been but too frequently governed by a narrow and parsimonious spirit; but where is a legislative assembly to be found that may set us an example of political intelligence, wisdom, and forethought? Far from exciting revolutionary passions, the referendum calms them, because the wishes of the majority are so clearly manifested, that the minority have neither the right nor the desire to oppose them. Besides, it is perfectly free, by means of newspaper articles, speeches, and discourses, to convert the people to its views, and become, in its turn, the majority.

But the question is, could the referendum be adopted with advantage in other countries? It is quite certain that Switzerland is in the enjoyment of conditions exceptionally favorable to this form of government. The country is divided into a vast number of small states, where autonomy is practised, and where frequent voting by the inhabitants is a much easier matter than it would be in a large country. The competency of the federal power is exceedingly limited; it has very few laws or general regulations to enact, and, con-

sequently, the entire Swiss nation is but rarely called upon to vote. The communes and the *Landsgemeinde* have accustomed the people to self-government from as far back as the Middle Ages. The republican *régime* has existed from very earliest times, and the nation has gradually become completely democratic by a series of successive reforms which constitute, so to speak, a natural evolution, or "a growth," as Spencer would call it. The distance which separates the different classes of society is less than elsewhere. Save in two or three towns, such as Basle, Geneva, and Zurich, there are no really large fortunes, and there are very few paupers to be found in the country. There is great equality of conditions, and this is, as the most eminent politicians, Aristotle and Montesquieu among others, demonstrate, the essential condition for the regular advance of democracy. Switzerland is also a neutral State, placed under Europe's guarantee, and therefore she need not trouble herself about foreign politics. It would probably be dangerous to trust these to the decisions of a referendum.

But does it not become every day more evident that a parliamentary system is most unfit to direct the foreign affairs of a country where the decisive influence is held by the press and by a house elected at a very low suffrage? Recent facts, both in France and England, prove this beyond the shadow of a doubt. For foreign policy to be what it should be, it is absolutely necessary that a Cabinet should follow up its ideas, that it should be free to act according to its convictions without any concern as to the opinions of the press, and that it should be established on a sufficiently firm footing for other powers to be able to enter upon engagements with it. None of these conditions are to be met with in any of the constitutional governments of to-day. Since the year 1870 there have been twenty-four changes of ministry in France, and the minister for foreign affairs has been certainly always a distinguished man, but several times not at all prepared to fulfil such exceedingly difficult functions. France has been wise enough to hold herself in the background, and not to advance into the black forest of alliances and diplomatic combinations. But, in spite of this, the Chamber has more than once contradicted itself and been guilty of grave mistakes. For instance, England proposes France's interference in Egypt; she refuses, and she does probably wisely;

she, however, soon regrets this decision, overthrows M. de Freycinet on the first opportunity, and uses her utmost efforts to reconquer the position she previously disdained to accept. M. Ferry takes office, and, in deference to public opinion, plunges at once deeply into colonial enterprises; this gets him into trouble and there is an outbreak with China. The Chamber then loses temper, and on the pretext of a slight defeat overthrows the Cabinet which is on the eve of concluding the treaty of peace it desires. In England, what sight could be more distressing than that of the hesitations, contradictions, and repeated mistakes committed by the most eminent statesman of our age, solely because he was forced to heed the unreasonable requirements of public opinion, of the press, and of certain parties in Parliament? Endlessly worried by questions on all sides, by the attacks of the opposition, by the resistance and diverging views of his own partisans, and by the necessity to maintain a majority, not only his freedom of action is impeded, but he has not even the necessary time and quiet for reflection; and the House of Commons, forgetful of Lincoln's wise precept not to change horses in the midst of the ford, overthrows him on a taxation question, just as, after most laborious negotiations, he was about to sign a treaty with Russia.

In Italy another distinguished statesman and an ardent votary of peace, M. Mancini, also in obedience to the restless spirit of short-sighted politicians, commits the inexplicable mistake of occupying Massouah at the risk of bringing endless trouble on his country, which is in need of her entire resources to ameliorate the wretched condition of her rural populations. It is well to convince oneself completely of a truth daily becoming more verified: democracy is equally incapable with a representative as with a direct government to carry on a satisfactory foreign policy. This is why the United States adopted the wise resolution to abstain therefrom.

Is this a reproach against democratic institutions? Not at all; for the first duty of every government is to attend to its home affairs, and the less interference there is with those of other countries the better it is for the nation. At all events, it is certain that it would be an excellent innovation to defer decisions as to peace or war to the majority of the entire population. As Mr. Jesse Collings recently eloquently explained, no minister

or sovereign should have power to declare war at will; this grave decision should be reserved to those who support the consequences, and pay the cost in blood and money.

The direct form of government established in Switzerland in the form of the referendum was, and still is, very prevalent in the form of general town meetings in Europe, and indeed all over the world. As we have already mentioned, it existed amongst Germanic tribes in the form of the fields of March and May. We find it again in the *tunschpnot* of the Anglo-Saxons, in the meetings of the *townships* in America, in the vestries in England, in the assemblies on the public places in the Italian republics, and still quite recently in the meetings held in the villages of Venetian Lombardy. We may meet with it, too, in the Javanese *dessah*, in the Russian *mir*, in the Germanic *Allmend*, as in the Scotch clan and the Indian tribe, where resolutions decided upon must receive the sanction of all who are interested in them — and what more natural?

A law has been passed in England which introduces the referendum for decisions as to the creation of free libraries; and lately, in Glasgow, a question was decided by *plebiscite* when there were 29,946 votes against the measure and 22,755 for it. It is, however, a matter of necessity with the referendum for the people to be enlightened, accustomed to self-government, and that all decisions be not referred to a central power. In Roman Catholic countries, where the clergy are absolute masters, the priest alone would settle the *plebiscites*.

It is quite possible that democratic institutions do not sufficiently guarantee that order which our industrial and divided labor society stands in greater need of than did society of old or of the Middle Ages; and, in this case, there would be a return to despotism, for, with a large permanent army, the executive power, obedient to the wishes of the upper classes, can always stifle and stamp out freedom; but, if liberty and democracy succeed in maintaining themselves and in preserving us from Caesarism, it is quite certain that the desire of the people to take the reins of government into their own hands will manifest itself more and more, as they become better educated and realize more thoroughly the close connection which exists between legislation and their individual interests. When this arrives, direct government, in one or other form, will be introduced. Switzerland, which

takes the lead in democratic reforms, has shown us the way to this. If the people's will is to be obeyed, is it not far better that it should be peacefully, regularly, and legally demonstrated by a general ballot, as in the Swiss cantons, rather than with tumult and indecisively in meetings, processions, and street demonstrations as in England, or, worse still, in bloodshed and strife as in Ireland between Nationalists and Orangeists? If the masses of the population be called upon to vote laws, they will either educate themselves or be educated; and, in either case, true civilization, which consists in the diffusion of enlightenment and of equitable and just ideas, would benefit, and at the same time Tocqueville's maxim, so full of deep thought, would be realized, "Extreme democracy prevents the dangers of democracy."

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

#### AN EXCITING LUNCHEON.

GLENCONAN's guests had enjoyed many a lively meal under his hospitable roof, or in his picturesque glens. But never had they had such an exciting repast as at the luncheon on that memorable "black Monday." Though the great news was their *pièce de résistance*, it really came in as dessert. Once again he had summoned his pride to his aid, and done the honors with something like his former joviality. Only a close observer might have remarked that his appetite failed him, and that he trifled with the knife and fork that were wont to do signal execution. He was eager to precipitate the inevitable disclosure; he was longing to know how those friends of his would take it. Their reception of the announcement would be a pretty fair test of what he might expect from the world. But he had made up his mind to wait till they had trifled with the cheese and the biscuits; and with eyes turning perpetually towards the clock, he suffered and waited accordingly. Then, as it chanced, Mr. Winstanley gave him an opening.

"Everything must stagnate, of course, towards the end of August; but really, on my word and honor, those papers become intolerably dull. Shooting is all very well for you young men, but I have become somewhat dependent on public sensations.

And all the subjects are either threadbare or trivial, or at all events they do not recommend themselves to my selfishness. I know all about the national defences, and the wisdom of imperial federation, and the due protection of our coaling stations. I confess that my sympathies are purely platonic for the shop-girls who are forbidden to use the chairs provided by their employers for customers. And I am personally indifferent as to openings in life for "our boys," seeing that happily I have no boys to provide for. I must say, Moray, that in your favorite rôle of Monte Christo, you are bound to supply us with a new sensation."

"And I have got it for you, Winstanley," said Moray, so gravely that that sensitive gentleman felt he had put his foot in it. Remembering the mystery that had been floating in the air, he knew at once that he had pulled the string of a shower-bath, and might look out for a chilling douche. He had rather the string had been pulled by any hand but his own; but it was too late to laugh it off, and he simply sat still and listened.

Then Moray told his story, frankly and with manly brevity. He made no moan over his misfortune; he did not condescend to apologize for his carelessness: what was present to his mind was the duty incumbent upon him of showing that he expected and would accept of nothing from his auditors.

"I should not have troubled you," he said, "with those personal annoyances of mine, but they may become public property within the next day or two; and I felt that as you are living under my roof, you have the guests' claim on my confidence. I think I should have been wanting in the duties of hospitality had I left you to learn anything of this from others, or possibly from the public prints."

In his jealous fear of their misconstruing his motives, he was careful to say nothing of the claims of friendship; and yet, while his manner was stern and almost repelling, he was longing for some frank outburst of sympathy.

Had he thrown a bombshell by way of a dish for dessert into the middle of the little party, he could scarcely have surprised them more, or I may add, scattered them from Glenconan more effectually. Not that they were worse than the rest of the world, or that the world is so bad as it is popularly supposed to be. But our ordinary acquaintances, on the shortest possible notice, cannot be expected to undertake the bearing of their neighbors' bur-



dens, more especially when the burdens mean unlimited liability. The first impulse is to put themselves out of reach of danger; the second, perhaps, to see what can be done.

Calverley Baker was getting on towards becoming a millionaire by inheriting a lucrative business and looking sharply after number one. It was not to be expected that in the first shock of a deception, though it might have been an involuntary deception, he was to fly in the face of all his principles, and commit himself. Moreover, he had been considerably smitten by Miss Moray, and could not precisely remember how far he might have pushed his advances. The douche that Winstanley had thrown down on the luncheon party had effectually chilled any fervor in his affection; and while he murmured something sympathetic, he had made up his mind that he must be summoned to the south by some telegram on the morrow. Once at Cardiff, as he told his conscience, regaining his freedom of will, he could do anything that was friendly and judicious. As for the M'Claverty, the chieftain was an honest fellow enough, and sorrowed for the calamity more than might have been expected. He had taken kindly to Glenconan, who was a capital companion on the moors; and in his inborn pride of birth and race, he would have regretted the extirpation of an ancient Highland family. He was sorry for Glenconan, and very sorry for himself, for he too had had vague aspirations of marrying the heiress. And he spoke out the more heartily and unreservedly that nobody could reasonably expect anything of him. He enjoyed but a life-rent of entailed acres; and if he were not actually poor as Job, it would have been the height of absurdity had he held out a lean purse to the tottering Cræsus.

Winstanley's feelings were much more complicated. I must have been very unsuccessful in my sketch of that gentleman if I have not shown him as at once good-natured and inveterately selfish. Far more than Mr. Baker would he have been willing to help Moray. But even more than the wealthy Welsh ironmaster, thanks to his familiarity with boards of direction, was he paralyzed by the horrors of unlimited calls. Prompt offers of help seemed out of the question, yet his situation had become extremely awkward. It is true that he did not care for dissipation, or even gaieties; but he by no means assented to the dictum of the preacher, that it is better to be in the house of

mourning than in the house of mirth. What had suggested itself to him before occurred to him again, that there is such a thing as overstaying your welcome. And so by a wide circuit he travelled to the same conclusion as Baker that he would do the best for himself as for his unfortunate friend by withdrawing his foot from his friend's house as soon as possible. But Winstanley was nothing if not considerate, and the ugly coincidence of a telegram next day was an idea that could not possibly have occurred to him. He determined to cover his deliberate retreat with a kindness that should leave nothing to desire, and which, indeed, he felt rather than feigned. And like Baker, only with more sincerity of purpose, he resolved that he would reach Moray a helping hand. As the oldest man in the company, as the crony and almost the confidant of their host, it clearly devolved upon him to reply. And to do him justice he weighed and chose his words as much out of consideration for Moray's feelings as for his own.

"God knows, Glenconan, how grieved I am. Had such a misfortune fallen on my brother, as it might well have come upon any man, I could hardly have been more sorry. It would be paying you a poor compliment to try to make light of it, and I know your character far too well to underrate its strength. At the same time, let me remind you, as an old man of the world, that our tendency under such shocks necessarily is to go to extremes. Bad as things may be, you may take it for granted that they are not nearly so black as they appear to be now. You see all the circumstances from a desponding point of view; you forecast none of the many chances that must mitigate them. I may venture to add, perhaps, that you forget the friends who can never forget their many obligations to you."

It must be confessed that the words of this speech of sympathy, though somewhat cold, were not ill-chosen. In the last sentence, which had been added by way of rider, the speaker had gone further than he originally intended. But in watching Moray's impassive face, he had warmed up, so as to try to strike one responsive spark from it; and after all, he had committed himself to nothing he was not willing to perform. He would gladly show himself a friend in due season, and even submit to some moderate sacrifices in the sacred cause of friendship.

Moray's answer was equally cool and extremely civil. When trouble softens



before it hardens us, we are apt to hope against hope for fervent and active sympathy. But after all, Winstanley had said as much as might have been expected; with his ordinary penetration preternaturally sharpened, he had followed the conflicting workings of the other man's mind, and if he gave him little gratitude, he bore him no malice. He bowed and smiled a little bitterly; and then, quietly rising to open the door, he threw it back for his guests to pass out. Miss Winstanley, as the lady, ought, of course, to have gone first. But though, unlike her friend Grace, she was by no means much devoted to dogs, she had stooped to pat the black retriever that lay stretched on the hearth-rug, and was playing with the fringes of her silken ears; while the gentlemen, who saw that their host was impatient, did not stand on the order of their going, but evacuated the dining-room promptly.

Glenconan was impatient; he thought Miss Julia's flirtation with Finette very ill-timed. He had never liked the young lady much; he had deemed her both artificial and worldly, and had it not been for his confidence in Grace, would have wished his daughter a better companion. Consequently, being supremely indifferent to Miss Winstanley's opinion or feelings, he had hardly deigned her a look while telling his story. If he had looked, he would have seen that the girl was profoundly impressed. Worldly as she really was, she was all the less inclined to make light of the catastrophe. Appreciating profoundly, like Jack Venables, all Moray was losing, she could admire the manliness with which he had borne himself; and putting herself in his daughter's position, she felt sincerely for Grace. Perhaps she may have welcomed a rare chance of indulging in the pleasure of genuine emotion; and she was desirous, besides, of making atonement for some shortcomings in her father's speech. At all events, when she raised her head there were real tears in her eyes, and Moray was both touched and taken aback. For once the strong and ready man had not a single word to say; and the girl who was generally so glib seemed to be equally embarrassed. But it is the woman in such circumstances who first finds her tongue; and once she had broken the ice, Miss Winstanley felt no further difficulty. She spoke with a feeling to which Moray had believed her a stranger. Though her voice trembled she was voluble enough; and by frankly owning to her faults, she took him on his weak side. After some-

how expressing her sorrow and her surprise, she went on,—

"But can you guess what selfishly troubles me the most in all this? It is that Grace should never have thought me worthy of her confidence—unless, indeed, you had forbidden her to speak. It would have been so natural to seek comfort from the only woman under your roof, and one who has been living for weeks in her companionship. Don't think that I blame her, sir," she added quickly, seeing that he was about to interrupt and to defend his daughter. "It is myself I reproach, and I reproach myself bitterly. She thought I had no heart and no feelings, and, very likely, she was so far right; yet I surely have a heart somewhere, though I have often doubted."

"You need doubt it as little as I do," said Moray kindly, laying his hand on her shoulder; "and I ought to be a judge in those matters," he added, with a smile. "The truth is, I knew as little of my misfortunes as you."

"Thank you, sir," said Julia, and she seized both his hands in hers. "You don't know how happy you make me; and if you would only think of me for one moment as Grace, you might give me courage to speak freely."

"Speak freely, then, by all means, my dear. I am sure anything you say can only please me."

"Well, sir, all I wish to say is this, that you must not shake us off—me and my father. Had he been alone with you—had those other men not been in the room—I know he would have spoken very differently. He is rich; he knows the world well. I am sure I am blundering, but you have promised not to be offended. What I mean is, that I am certain he intends you to count upon him, as I hope Grace will forget the past, and learn to lean upon me as a sister. You will try to persuade her, won't you, sir?"

Moray's constancy had been proof to the cold reception of his news, but it was shaken by this genuine and unexpected outburst. He was very grateful to Miss Winstanley for convincing him that cynicism was to be made difficult, or impossible.

"Never mind now about your father, or what he or anybody else may do for us—we shall have time enough to think about all that. But when either you or I tell Grace what has passed between us, I am sure she will agree with me that our losses may prove to be gains. You have made me cheerful, if not happy, my dear, if that

is any comfort to you; and now, if you mean to please me, you must dry your eyes and let me go."

"And you will not misunderstand my father," she added pleadingly, laying a finger on his arm. "If I might tell you all, I can read him so clearly."

"And so can I, believe me," rejoined Moray, with a smile. Then stretching his conscience slightly, he went on, "I should have spoken precisely as he spoke in similar circumstances. Neither of us are quite so young as you, and we have long lost the freshness of your feelings — worse luck. But all the same, I envy and understand them." And then he did what that morning he would never have dreamed of doing, and pressed a fatherly kiss on her forehead.

I may almost say that Julia Winstanley felt a transformed girl, as he left her standing on the rug over the impassive Finette, who, like a true cynical philosopher, had assisted at the interview, without even one approving wag of the tail. That rush of warm, natural feeling might have changed the currents of her life. She had indulged in the luxury of affectionate sympathy, and was rewarded by knowing that it was a luxury indeed. And it was remarkable that the indulgence of unselfishness led on to ideas of self-sacrifice, though it may be true that they did not cost her very much. She had never been really in love with Jack Venables; she had never acknowledged to herself that she had more than a liking for him. But considering that he had been the adopted son of the house, that circumstances had brought him into perpetual contact with her, it was naturally somewhat irritating to her vanity that he had persisted in being constant to Grace. She had seen that any of his flirtations with herself had been platonic, and she had rather resented it. She had never known exactly what to make of him. Being young and ardent, he was naturally ambitious; and though he might regard money as merely making stepping-stones for his advance, he seemed to be as keenly set upon money-getting as her father. That he should have stuck to his attachment to his cousin, who was likewise the heiress to her father's wealth, was only consistent. But how might he behave now that Grace was suddenly beggared? She had a sinister suspicion that he might turn towards herself, in which case she would have scorned and summarily rejected him. She would never have consented to be married for her money, by a man who had been proof to her

charms while he could do better. And in any case, not having too high an opinion of the masculine nature, she thought that Jack might make a satisfactory enough husband, if once fairly wedded to a wife who had many fascinations. Now he was relatively rich, and had brilliant prospects before him. So Miss Winstanley loyally resolved that it should not be her fault if he were not retained in his allegiance to his cousin. Then the proud Mr. Moray might accept from a son-in-law and a daughter the assistance he would reject from anybody else. Having come to that comfortable conclusion, she remembered it was time that she left the dining-room.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### JACK DRIFTS TOWARDS MATRIMONY.

It was an odd instance of the irony of circumstances that Jack Venables and Miss Julia Winstanley, having reached an identical conclusion by very different roads, should fall literally into each other's arms as their thoughts had converged. Jack, coming back to the house, had made a rush for the dining-room to ring for the cold meat and the bread and cheese, since before facing his uncle he felt that he needed fortifying. Opening the door, he found himself face to face with the young lady, who already had her hand on the handle.

"Miss Winstanley!" he ejaculated, with some astonishment; and she set his surprise down to a guilty conscience.

"Yes, Mr. Venables," she answered gravely, "we have just been hearing very sad news from your uncle."

Now Jack, contrary to her surmises, was rather pleased to happen upon her than otherwise. He was full of all he meant to say to Mr. Moray; in his rapid walk to the house he had been thinking of little but his cousin; and in the consciousness that Miss Winstanley might possibly have misunderstood him lately, he was anxious to burn his boats and put everything on the most straightforward footing. He would feel his way as to offering himself for Grace, but in any case he must be free of any *arrière pensée*. Nevertheless, and until the way was felt, he had no idea of taking anybody unnecessarily into his confidence. So he said nothing, and waited for her to speak on. Then, still under the influence of her recent emotion, she spoke on very strongly. Jack, at that moment, all glowing with health as he was after his exercise, seemed to shrink up and shrivel in her eyes. She imagined

him embarrassed as to transferring his "love," and she meditated upon whited sepulchres and the miserable weaknesses of masculine humanity like a feminine Thomas à Kempis. So far as she was concerned, there should be no further misunderstanding; yet she felt constrained to temporize for Grace's sake.

"We have been hearing very sad news, and I need not say how grieved we have been for Grace and your uncle. How I wish I were in your place!"

"In my place, Miss Winstanley! What can you mean?"

"My meaning is plain enough. If I were in your place, I should have the claim of relationship. If I were in your place, I should go to Mr. Moray and force upon him, in the rights of relationship, what he would spurn were it offered as a kindness. And if I were in your place," she went on, looking straight into his eyes, "I think I should take advantage of your double relationship with your cousin, and plead for her accepting the protection which she doubly needs in her isolation."

Jack stared in amazement. Miss Winstanley with her passionate eloquence was a new revelation to him, and perhaps not altogether a pleasant one. To have one exceedingly pretty girl, to whom he had necessarily and as mere matter of civility paid certain slight attentions, urging him frankly and with no semblance of disguise to go and offer marriage to another beauty, was altogether a new and startling experience. However, as his aspirations coincided with her orders, there was nothing more to be said. No doubt, honesty was the best policy; and as she showed herself so absolutely indifferent, she should have no reason to complain of any want of frankness.

"I should never have dreamed of troubling you in this matter, Miss Winstanley; though I am sure we shall always be the best of friends. I had no notion you took so deep an interest in my future. But as you *have* condescended to interest yourself, and as my uncle has confided his own affairs to you, all I have to say is, that it rests with Grace and with her father how far they may permit me to sink or swim with them. My dearest ambition is to make her my wife; though I need hardly say, that I tell you that in strict confidence."

The frank expression of feeling took Miss Winstanley likewise by surprise; we dare not say whether the surprise was entirely agreeable. Assuredly she liked Jack none the worse for the trace of pique

which gave point to his candor. At any rate, with perfect composure, and in the good-fellowship that had always existed between them, she took his hand as she had taken Mr. Moray's.

"I cannot tell you what pleasure you have given me, for you may help them if anybody can. And though it may seem presumption to say so, perhaps I may be of some use in promoting your wishes. Grace is not much given to confidences; but surely a girl will talk in those circumstances, if she feels pretty certain of sympathy. And I think, after the conversation I have had with Glenconan, that she may feel more affectionately towards me than she has ever felt before."

Whereupon Miss Winstanley did leave the dining-room at last; and Mr. Venable, violently ringing the bell, sat down to a cold sirloin with a capital appetite. The next tack in his course so far was all plain sailing; he felt committed to a step he had only contemplated; and when he placed himself unreservedly at his uncle's disposition, it should be with the intimation that his dearest desire was to obtain the hand of his cousin. It was decidedly his custom to be preoccupied by a single idea at a time; and Leslie's rivalry, with his own gratitude, were dismissed as entirely as if he had never gone hunting the wild goats at Loch Rosque, or as if the man who had saved him lay buried at Tom-na-hourich.

Moray had been brought into more charity with his fellow-creatures by the passionate outburst of the worldly Miss Winstanley. After that, it seemed blasphemy to doubt of the love and care of an omnipotent Providence, which might manifest itself unexpectedly in the least likely quarters. But all the more, he looked forward to the meeting with Jack, when Jack should have learned the misfortune that had lighted upon him. He had loved the lad for his spirited impulses; he had marked his selfishness, or rather his self-absorption, but he had never doubted his sincerity; and now his young friend would be brought to the test. From Jack, as from everybody else, Moray was determined to accept nothing but good-will; but still it would be a sad addition to his troubles should Jack prove as guardedly sympathetic as old Winstanley. He had withdrawn to the solitude of his den; he knew his nephew in common decency must come to him; and in all the distraction of his roving thoughts, he sat listening for the boy's foot in the passage. The well-known footfall came in due course,

and then there followed the rap at the door. The strong man was so overstrained, so painfully excited, that he scarcely dared to look up when he called out, "Come in." But in another instant his anxiety was relieved. His hand was silently grasped with a fervent pressure; and Jack, drawing a chair towards him, sat down affectionately beside him. Come what might, he was delighted to know that the nephew he had loved the best was of metal as true as the other.

"So you have heard all about it, Jack? Eh?"

"I have heard it; and by what I may call a happy accident, I have heard it all from my cousin. I chanced to meet her as I was hurrying home to lunch; and will you think me very heartless if I say that the bad news has affected me less than I expected — hardly spoiled my appetite?"

"I don't know why it should, I am sure," rejoined Mr. Moray. In other circumstances he might have been disappointed, but he still felt the warm pressure of his nephew's fingers, and he guessed already whither Jack was tending.

"And you will let me tell you why it should not — though I think you might meet me halfway, and spare me some little embarrassment."

"How do you think Grace takes it?" demanded Moray somewhat irrelevantly.

"Just as I should have expected. She is a noble girl, and a very sensible girl besides. Of course, her chief trouble is for you; and I believe she has such faith in your generosity of sentiment, that she feels that matters might have been very much worse."

"On my generosity? You speak in parables, Master Jack. It seems to me that for ever and a day, perhaps, the practice of generosity will be far beyond my reach."

"You don't think that, sir. You know that if you were next door to a pauper to-morrow, you would be liberal still with your coppers, because you cannot possibly be otherwise. But Grace, as I fancy, thinks with me, that the real proof of generosity with a man like you is in consenting to lay yourself under something like obligations. Not, of course, that there would be obligations really," added Jack, blushing and stammering.

"So you two have been conspiring together," said Moray, his face lightening up; "and as it would appear that I am to be the victim of your machinations, I confess I am curious to hear what your objects are."

"Oh, for that matter, I am only anxious to return good for evil; and I have no wish to keep any of my secrets from you. You know that no young fellow in this world has ever had more luck than I, since the day the letter came to me here with the announcement of my legacy. Without being able to take the slightest credit to myself, I have tumbled out of one good thing into another. I made friends with Winstanley on that reef in the Atlantic; I have put my money and his credit out to something more than usury, since it is invested in all manner of speculations that are steadily looking up; through him I have formed a number of useful connections; and I have been pitchforked into that place of private secretary, where I hold winning cards if I only play them decently, with lots of trumps, and possibly an honor or two. Then, by way of capping it all, came that telegram the other day, which told me we had really struck oil in that American mine. I have ready money in hand, to say nothing of splendid contingencies; and when the opening comes, I am ready to cut into the game of politics with a sufficiency of fortune to back me."

"I know you have done exceedingly well for yourself, and no doubt you have had a most unusual run of good fortune. But such runs of fortune do not come to fools, and you are over-modest, Master Jack, in ignoring your own merits."

"Very well, my dear uncle, have it your own way; all the more, that I wish you to think well of my prospects. I have a superstition against counting chickens before they are hatched, but nevertheless you must allow that I am doing well in the poultry line."

"I never denied it. Quite the reverse."

"And now," said Jack, talking very quick, "do you remember whence all my prosperity dates? From the day you called me into this room here as a penniless young scapegrace, and put your purse and your whole interest at my disposal. Even then I knew you were a man who would perform more than you promised; and I felt that if you sent me out to the East my future was secured, should I only keep steady."

"You didn't go. And even if you had gone, I offered you nothing more than introductions."

"I said that you promised less than you would have performed. The long and the short of it is, without any beating about the bush, you treated me that day like a father, and spoke far more considerately

than most fathers would have done. And if I did not go, I told you the reason; and when I ventured to show you all that was in my heart, and even suggested my being much more your son than you had intended, you did not resent my impudence by turning me ignominiously out of doors. Nay, you only repeated your generous offer; and if that does not give me a claim upon you now, I don't know what should. Of course, you know why I have been blowing my own trumpet. If I remind you how well I stand in a worldly point of view, it is to show you that there is enough and to spare for us all; so that we may share without scruple anything I have to offer. I am asking a great thing; but then, surely, I have strong claims on you."

Moray's pale face beamed with pleasure.

"At any rate, my dear boy, you have done me a world of good. If I have learned nothing else, I have learned this forenoon how easily the sting may be taken out of money troubles. There is that girl, Julia Winstanley, behaving like a tramp; she has been heaping coals of fire upon my head; for, to my shame be it said, I never greatly took to her. As for you, you have warmed my heart; but, to be sure, for you it has always beat very kindly."

"Then we understand each other," exclaimed Jack, with delight; and, to do him justice, he had never been so grateful before for the prosperity which put it in his power to be his uncle's benefactor. After all, with an average share of faults, there was certainly a deal of good in Mr. Venables.

"Softly, my boy, softly," said Moray; "there can be no possible misunderstanding between us for the future — you may be sure of that. But as for accepting what you offer so generously, that is another thing. To begin with, I fear I am dipped so deep, that I should only be dragging you into the abyss along with me."

"I don't know how that may be," rejoined Jack, changing all at once into the cool man of business. "But, in any case, I have been talking things over with Grace, who seems to have the family talents for business. I never contemplated this new partnership of ours commencing till the wretched bank business has been sifted to the bottom, and you have a discharge in full from all your liabilities. Strange it seems," added Jack musingly, "that such a misfortune should fall on a man like you; and that a fortune, honor-

ably made and nobly spent, should be swept away by an accident so cruelly iniquitous."

"It is a hard case; but as for being iniquitous — would it surprise you to hear that if I have not been actually expecting something of the kind, at any rate my conscience protests against my daring to say it is undeserved? Do you remember watching me as we sat in the carriage on your first visit to Glenconan? You saw something in the expression of my face that puzzled you — did you not?"

"Well, now that you speak of it," said Jack, rather taken aback. To tell the truth, he had forgotten all about it, nor, for the moment, had he the faintest idea what his uncle might be driving at.

"I think I should like to tell you what it was that troubled me then. You won't take it amiss if I say that the warning may be useful; for we are much of the same turn of mind, which is the reason, no doubt, why I have always been drawn to you."

Then Moray told the story of his mental anxieties, pretty much as he had told it once before to Leslie. Only now he had the opportunity of pointing it with the moral, that this misfortune might be meant as merited retribution. But Mr. Venables, as may well be supposed, listened in a very different spirit from Leslie. As a warning, he did not take the narrative at all amiss, nor had he the slightest intention of laying it to heart. He thought he might look back upon life with an easy mind, if he had nothing worse to reproach himself with than Moray. Had not his uncle said that these regrets had been haunting him for long, he would have thought his mind must have been shaken by recent trouble. What struck him most forcibly was the evidence of weakness in a man he had always regarded as so strong: it was strange that his hero should actually have been reproaching himself with those daring and successful combinations for which he had most admired him. And, on the spur of the moment, he spoke of such sensibilities with something that sounded very like contempt; though, on the other hand, he was so eloquent in his admiration, that Moray was far from being offended. He spoke as ninety-nine men in a hundred might have spoken, and Moray thought rather sadly that the comfort had come too late. "I may have been a fool to worry myself with fanciful regrets; but in that case it will be the harder to see Glenconan go from me." Then expressing the conclu-



sion of his thoughts aloud, he said, "And if sin there were, it seems hard, in any case, that the sin should be visited on my innocent child."

"Oh, so far as that goes," broke in Jack, who welcomed the opening he had been watching for—"so far as that goes, I make bold to say that you may make your mind perfectly easy. There are two things that lie near to your heart. You wish Grace to be independent; you would be glad to save Glenconan for her. If a girl is too rich, you know as well as I that she may be married to misery for her money and not for herself. There are heartless scoundrels stalking about looking out for heiresses whose substance they mean to devour; and though it is difficult to imagine a ruffian who could behave badly to Grace, there is no fathoming the depths of human depravity. Now, you see, as we have settled things," he went on confidentially, "Grace will be no heiress—not to speak of—but she will, nevertheless, be very comfortably off; and we can easily keep the estate in the family, though it may come cheaper to raise a mortgage on it in the mean time."

"An odd idea you have of a girl's independence!" was the thought in Moray's mind; but he dared not speak it out. For Jack, who was so ready with his replies to all objections, had assuredly an answer cut and dry to that one. As he would not speak, Jack did.

"You won't help me sir, so I must help myself. As I said a little while ago, it is no use beating about the bush, so here goes. Give me leave to speak to my cousin—to beg and entreat her to become my wife. Her answer, whether favorable or the reverse, can make no difference in our understanding."

"No understanding," interpolated Moray.

"Her answer will make no difference in my resolutions, then, and I trust everything to time and your sense of justice. I cannot dare to hope she will say yes. But if it should chance so, then as your son-in-law, I shall take the liberty of arranging the settlements without any reference to you."

Moray was more moved by Jack's generosity than by his offhand eloquence. Honestly, should it please Grace, the marriage seemed an admirable idea. If he had the good luck to win the girl for his wife, his nephew gained more than he gave. But at the same time he remembered his obligations to another stanch friend and faithful counsellor. Jack might

win the prize if he could, but Leslie should have no wrong.

"Speak to your cousin, by all means. If she does say yes, you shall have my cordial approval. And in saying so much, I am certain you will not suspect me of interested motives. If you and Grace arrange to pull comfortably together, I shall be off to the East again, and paddle my own canoe. Nay, never mind protesting in the mean time," he said in answer to Jack's gesture of deprecation. "You shall not find me hard to deal with. But as I have recalled certain circumstances to your recollection already, I must tax your memory again. You remember, when you made something like a similar proposal once before, I told you that you and Ralph Leslie should both have fair play."

Jack's animated face blanched all over. For these two or three exciting hours he had forgotten the existence of Ralph Leslie, and now the reminder was disagreeable as might be. It chilled all his fervor; it threatened to dissipate all his dreams. If Grace were really attached to Leslie, she would certainly say no instead of yes. Even if Grace felt doubtful, and Leslie were really in love with her—he suspected something of the earnestness of Leslie's nature—could he, in common gratitude, in common honor, abuse his accidental advantages to make his benefactor miserable? Here was an ugly complication with a vengeance. Moray understood all that was passing in the young man's mind, and again his affections inclined to his favorite. It seemed fated that Jack should always behave in a way that won his liking as well as his esteem.

"My dear boy, the decision rests with Grace, and the common wish of all of us is that she should choose for her own happiness. Leslie is in love with her—that you must have known. So are you. I should willingly welcome either of you for a son-in-law. I love Ralph as much as I respect him; yet I frankly tell you that if I were a marriageable young woman, I think I should prefer you for a husband. You may go and inquire, if you like, whether Grace agrees with me, and I assure you I shall be anxious to hear how you speed."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### JACK GETS HIS ANSWER.

POOR Jack was in a sad quandary. All his better feelings were in the ascendant, but unfortunately those better feelings



fought against each other, and sophistry was enlisted on the more selfish side. Moray's penetration confirmed what he knew by his own inner consciousness — namely, that Leslie was in love with Grace. And if Leslie loved at all, Jack felt sure that he loved profoundly and passionately; it was a passion that would possibly color all his life. As for himself, had it not been for Leslie, he would not have been there cogitating at that moment; and so far as any rivalry of his was concerned, Leslie might have walked over the course. But then, on the other hand, he had lived and he had prospered; that he was there, was a fact there was no getting over. In this life we must take things as we find them, and make the best of the most untoward circumstances. He loved his cousin at least as much as Leslie loved her, though even in those transports of his the thought would still come, that he might console himself more easily than Leslie for a rejection. He loved his cousin as much as Leslie loved her, and it was with his cousin that the decision must rest. If she preferred him, as was possible, she would say so more or less frankly, and in that case it would be cruelty to cross her affections. Then, in a worldly point of view, he was undoubtedly the more eligible suitor. Leslie had but a small fixed income at best; and though poetry might bring him fame, it could scarcely lead on to lucre. While as Grace's husband, with his own elastic prospects, he must have a very great deal in his power. Moray might consent to take from a son-in-law what he would never accept from anybody else. If he would not bring himself to condescend to pecuniary assistance, he might consent to avail himself of political influence. By the interest of Lord Wrekin, or somebody else, Jack thought he might get his uncle something good in the colonies. It would be no job. Moray knew the East thoroughly; he had all the qualities of an able administrator; under any government, whether Radical or Conservative, surely the thing might be managed. At all events, matters must be settled somehow, for, above all things, he detested suspense. Grace should either put him out of his misery, as he was pleased to phrase it, or assure him that she was willing to make him happy. He determined, if possible, to get the interview over at once; but how to have a *lête-à-lête* was the question. After wandering alone about the woods through the morning, after not making her appearance as usual at lunch, Grace

would feel doubly bound to do the civil to Miss Winstanley in the afternoon. In any case, and on the off-chance of some arrangement, he would look into the drawing-room, though disinclined for conversation.

The stars in their courses fought in his favor, and Miss Winstanley conspired with the celestial bodies. She and her father, with Grace, were the only occupants of the drawing-room. Julia was as quick as Grace to remark Mr. Venables's preoccupation, and she readily found an excuse for removing her father from the room. Then as Jack was pulling himself together for a plunge into his subject, to his astonishment Grace anticipated him.

"I am so glad to have you alone for an instant, Jack. Indeed I had thought of writing you a note, only I could not send it by a servant. Will you meet me an hour hence at the seat by the waterfall, and you won't mind waiting if I should be detained? Say yes quickly, for there is somebody coming."

Jack looked yes, if he did not say it. The M'Claverty burst into the room like a modified Highland hurricane, only that the chief was brimming over with good humor, and meant no mischief. He had shaken off his young hostess's troubles already, as a water spaniel coming out of the water throws the showers of spray from his coat. Grace, with the hypocrisy instinctive to the best of women, had already taken a piece of worsted-work into her hands, and was lending a seemingly attentive ear to some meaningless remark of the intruder. Jack, who was in no mood to stand on ceremony, made a bolt of it, slamming the door behind him. Quick-witted as he was, he needed time to think; yet he felt that his cousin's frankness boded no good to him. "She's not the kind of girl to throw herself into any man's arms; and if she were, mine would be paralyzed; there is nothing I loathe like a willing woman. She has seen her father; she has heard what I said to him; and she is resolved that I shall labor under no misconceptions."

Jack had an hour to think, and he made the most of a good part of it. He was one of those men who momentarily crave for a thing when they once have set their heart upon it; who desire it doubly when there are difficulties in the way; and whose desire turns to a passion when their object threatens to elude them. Grace had never seemed to him more lovable. Her beauty had been heightened by grief and agitation; there was a far-away, wist-

ful look in her eyes which profoundly touched all that was impressionable in him; moreover, he was quite able to appreciate her higher and more estimable qualities. I need not repeat that he set a due value on money, and he would have shrunk from love in a cottage, unless it were "a cottage of gentility." He knew himself well enough to be sure that he was never made to live in hugger-mugger fashion and cater for a hungry brood. In such circumstances he must have fretted in company of the best women in the world, and love would most likely fly out of the window. But on the other hand, any amount of fortune without love would have been far too dearly purchased; and the luxury of mating prudently with a penniless bride was one he felt to be well within his reach. In his softened mood he thought how, with a husband's opportunities, he might endear himself to the girl who inclined to him already. If he could only win her to a word of assent from the heart, their marriage might be the entrance to an earthly paradise. He thought, too, how Grace in her gentle dignity would do the honors of a handsome and hospitable home. How proud he would be of the bright girl-matron, whose portrait should smile from the panel above the dining-room chimney-piece. Who should paint her? Should it be Leighton or Millais, or some rising artist of genius, who should — Confound it! there he was dreaming as usual, and he knew, or at least he more than suspected, that the word of assent would never be won. Why not? Ah! there was the rub. If obstacle there was, the obstacle was Leslie. It was his practice to clear obstacles away, by fair means or by foul; and the thought that naturally occurred to him was how to clear Leslie out of his path.

Then came an equally natural revulsion of feeling. He hated himself; he shook himself in horror; to all intents and purposes he was a murderer, if not a thief; for if Grace had really given herself to Leslie, he contemplated stealing her away. And to this man whom he meant to wrong and rob he had vowed eternal gratitude. Looking up at those wild Highland hills, that day above Loch Rosque came vividly back to his memory. He shuddered again as he recalled his feelings when his foot had failed him, when his brain was dizzy, when there seemed nothing between the strong young life and eternity. He remembered how he had thought of being summoned to the account for which he

had never found time for preparation. And then, when all appeared to be doubly over, Leslie had voluntarily exposed himself to all that he dreaded. He had said little in the way of gratitude after that daring rescue and marvellous escape, but if he said little it was only because he felt so much. He was content to be silenced by misplaced *mauvaise honte*, because he was assured that his preserver entered into his feelings. But therefore, in love and honor he was doubly bound by that tacit compact. Now the occasion was offering duly to redeem his pledge; nor could he have hoped for such a chance of clearing off old scores. If needful, he should rise to a sublime height of self-sacrifice; for he really imagined at the moment that the act of resignation might entail upon him something like — lifelong suffering. He altogether forgot that he would be in no way a free agent, in that it was Grace who must really decide the matter, according to the state of her affections. But as he did forget the fact most entirely, we may give him equal credit for his self-denial. All the same, in his detestation of suspense he was eager to know the best and the worst of it; and accordingly, after some four-and-fifty minutes of rapt meditation, he anticipated the tryst with his cousin by a quarter of an hour.

He was kept waiting and gnawing his heart for nearly half an hour longer; and when he did see Grace ascending the path, his hopes sank even lower than they had fallen already. No amount of mere maiden diffidence could explain the lingering pace of those light feet, and that listless and preoccupied gait. Had she been on her way to make a waiting lover happy, the shy timidity must have been buoyantly elastic. Her eyes, when she raised them to his, were full of a sad sympathy; and as he saw how deeply she believed him to be in love, he felt more passionately and desperately in love with her than ever.

For a minute or more both were silent, and the silence began to become painfully embarrassing. Jack, whose manliness was unimpeachable, felt bound in his chivalry to be the first to break it. Interpreted by the expression of her face, it had rung the knell of his hopes as clearly as any words could have done; and possibly he might have shown more delicacy of feeling had he taken it for his answer, and spoken on the strength of it. But when it is a case of parting with our cherished hopes or illusions, we are slow to fling the

haft after the blade; and it was one of Jack's fundamental principles never to throw away a chance. Besides, although he was showing himself most practically disinterested, it was not in his nature to rise to those refined heights of generosity of which Ralph might have been capable. If he could not win his cousin and her love, at least by way of compensation he would have as much gratitude as she could give him. And that essential difference in the character of the two men may explain her preference for the one over the other.

Most men in the circumstances, even if they had delivered their minds, would have done so as the depressed or despairing lover. Jack did not. He began by affecting the modest confidence he did not feel; and as he fairly warmed to what would otherwise have been a pleasant task, he pressed his suit with fire and fervor. And the girl felt more sorry for him than before, as he spoke much of love and little of money. Money, indeed, he could not altogether pass over; but he spoke lightly of his longing to be able to help her father at the slightest possible sacrifice to Moray's pride.

"It may all come so naturally and so easily, Grace. Surely he will accept anything from you; and if you will only take me, he cannot make distinctions between his children. You know how fervently I have loved you from the very first. You know that nothing could have sealed my lips but the sense that I had nothing, while you were an heiress. You know — you must have known — that as I began to feel my feet, the ambition of winning you made each step a triumph. I counted the months before I dared speak, and the months were passing so slowly yet so quickly. May heaven forgive me for it! but when I heard of your ruin, I believe at first it brought me more happiness than sorrow. I *am* confoundingly selfish," he interpolated, with penitent self-conviction. "And now, if you cannot speak to me as I could wish, the punishment of my selfishness will be greater than I can bear. But you cannot, surely, have the heart to throw me back on my worse self, and doom me to a life of selfish isolation? My future, for weal or woe, as for good or evil, is in your hands; and my fate is hanging on what you have to say to me."

Jack paused to draw breath, and indeed it was high time. He had talked himself into profound self-conviction, and the pleading eloquence of his eyes expressed as much. As for Grace, she had never

doubted him; and for once, all womanly as she was, she regretted the power of her charms. Had Leslie ever spoken as Jack had done, — had he ever breathed a word on which she could found a promise of fidelity, — her course would have been clear, however painful. As it was, she hesitated; and as Jack saw her hesitation, his hopes revived. After all, he might be mistaken; and so once more, and this time with an easier conscience, he opened again the floodgates of his eloquence. If Grace's hesitation gave him hope, he made a fatal mistake. As he talked on, she kindly listened, for she knew all he had to say. She was imagining what would be their future if she spoke the irrevocable yes. And in her rapid self-searching, she as rapidly decided that she would do foul injustice to him as to herself. Leslie had never spoken, it was true, but for reasons similar to those that had kept Jack silent. She trusted his sincerity as she trusted herself, and she felt that he had made his meaning unmistakable. She could not change her heart from an impulse of kindness — not even because the change might be for the benefit of her father — and she knew that her heart was given to Leslie beyond recall. It was through his family that hers had been indirectly brought to grief, and what must he think of her if she threw him over in the circumstances? It was her melancholy lot to have to choose between two devoted lovers; and she must give pain to one or the other. But there could be no further doubt as to the decision. And as she came to that conclusion, her dimpled chin and her under lip took something of her father's firmness; and Jack, whose eyes were fixed on her face, felt, with a tremor, that it was all over. Then his own resolution was taken with his habitual promptitude. His hopes were already things of the past, and he would have leisure enough to make any moan over them. Now he must grasp the fleeting opportunity, and rise at once to the *role* of the generous. As Grace, all in a tremble, was going to speak, he took the words out of her mouth:

"I have my answer, and I will spare you the pain of speaking it. I reverence you enough to know that if I were to talk on for hours, I could not bring you to change your decision. Nor do I desire it, things being as they are. I am not one of those who would strive to win my wife's heart after marriage — least of all, when I have to contend with such a rival as Leslie. Forgive me," he added hastily, as he saw his cousin flush up; "you may

well pardon me in the circumstances, and I have no thought to give to the proprieties — even to the delicacies. But I must win free pardon by frank confession; and for days, for months past, my doubts and fears have all been excited by a single man."

Grace could say nothing. She could not confess an attachment which had never been avowed.

Jack, with his quick wits preternaturally sharpened, again came to help her out of her embarrassment. She could almost have wished that her affections had been free, that she might have given them to him frankly and gratefully. He took her hand; and in the certainty that he understood her, she left it in his, and softly returned the pressure.

"Not another word — don't say another word; we are friends as we are cousins, are we not? and friends we shall ever continue. Or rather, we must remain brother and sister; I have a right to claim as much as that. But be sure I shall ask no question which you might find it difficult to answer. Remember that I owe my life to somebody, and in time that remembrance must bring me consolation. And now," he went on, with a touch of bitterness, "if I must not speak of love, we may talk of business. You feel that you owe me something, do you not? For after all, I offered you all I have to offer, and you have struck a blow in return you would gladly have spared me."

"You are the most lovable, the most generous of men, Jack!" exclaimed Grace, with a flood of tears that at last found vent.

"For heaven's sake, don't break down like that!" expostulated Jack piteously, "or I shall have to follow suit; and it is a sorrow I dare not console you under. And do not say I am the most lovable of men," he said, as he tried to smile, "for I would still believe in your truth if I cannot have your affection. But I have yet another favor to demand, and you can be in no mood for refusing."

In her certainty as to what that favor was, Grace was again forced to remain silent.

"You must promise me for your father's sake, as for mine, that this shall make no difference as to money matters. You must promise that you will labor heart and soul to give me the poor comfort of being able to help you out of these troubles of yours. And for Leslie's sake as well, for you know I owe him this troublesome life of mine."

Perhaps Grace showed herself as generous as Jack, when, looking straight with her swimming eyes into his, she drew a long breath and said, "I promise." And by way of seal to the pledge, she frankly tendered him her cheek, and for a second time that day he took a cousinly kiss, though in circumstances sadly different.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
LORD HOUGHTON.

THE delusion of comparisons is as dangerous a fallacy in the estimate of character as the falsehood of extremes. If there was ever any man the surest way to misrepresent and misestimate whom would be by resorting to that classification so dear to an age of schoolmasters and auctioneers, it was the late Lord Houghton. Remarkable for many things, he was remarkable chiefly for his strong individuality. He was a great social figure for considerably more than half a century. Yet it would be impossible to place him exclusively in the category of men whose reputation was social alone. A similar remark would hold good if he were looked at from the point of view of any other of his more commanding attributes. In the same way, to assert that he was a second-rate poet — the violet a second-rate flower! — or a politician who never attained political eminence, or a man of letters who never did justice to his literary capacities, or a speaker who missed being an orator, or a student of human nature who never rose to the lofty levels of divine philosophy, would, even if it were true, be to give an altogether false idea of the brilliant and accomplished man who, less than a fortnight ago, bade adieu to a prolonged, an eventful, and on the whole a singularly happy existence, in the manner which, above all others, he might have desired: —

Oh, that each of us might die  
When we are at the best,  
Pass away harmoniously  
To some fitting rest.

So wrote Milnes in his remonstrance upon the habit — a flat blasphemy against youth as it seemed to him — of using the words second childhood, as a synonym for extreme senility. There is nothing specially excellent in the lines, but they embody the aspiration for the euthanasia that was the lot of their author. There was no dreary interval for him between enforced withdrawal from the world and the end of

everything; no gloomy tarrying in the vestibule of death before the final release came. The curtain fell suddenly, and all was over. Fortunate in his life, Milnes would have assuredly esteemed himself not less fortunate in his death.

The exceptional circumstances of his earlier days must have tended to sustain and intensify the originality of a fresh and buoyant nature, which never lost the wild charm of being untamed, unsubdued. As a boy he was brought up entirely at home and by private tutors. Whatever disadvantages his inexperience of public school life may have entailed, one can hardly conceive of any conditions better calculated to stimulate the free play and spontaneous growth of his gifts. Nor were the scenes and the social environment of his boyhood less conducive to this end. Till a short time before he went to Cambridge he lived much in Italy. Who can doubt that it was the free, unfettered life beneath an Italian sky, to the influences of which he was indebted for that *abandon* which, as it is entirely the reverse of English, is without any English equivalent, and which was the dominant trait of his manner and his mind. Intellectually he was as much the child of Italy as if he had been of Italian birth, nor did the gay idiosyncrasies which he had contracted in the south desert him in after years. At Cambridge he asserted himself and showed his quality as naturally, and with the same absence of cautious self-restraint that he afterwards showed in the turmoil of what is called London society. To the social position he was indeed born. His father — "single-speech Milnes" — was a man well known. He was offered, and he declined, the post of chancellor of the exchequer by Spencer Percival, as he was subsequently offered and refused a peerage. His son, Richard Monckton, the future Lord Houghton, married Miss Crewe, a great favorite in that social realm which associated itself with Lansdowne House; and the house (No. 16, Upper Brook Street) in which Milnes, during many years, collected all that was greatest and most intellectual, and above all most poetical, in the London world, had a "pedigree," if so we may speak, connecting it not only with the famous assemblies of Mrs. Cunliffe Offley (the aunt of Miss Crewe), but also, unless we mistake, with the "Mrs. Crewe and true blue!" who answered the Prince of Wales's toast with her "True blue and all of you!" Never did there live a poet of any order who was so warm a friend of poets as Milnes. If

he loved poetry much he loved the makers of poetry even more. Their merit as poets was not with him the only question. What he admired and what interested him was the poetic impulse. On the occasion of one of his daughter's marriages, he specially aimed at securing the company of all the English bards of every degree whose addresses he could discover. Nor should it be forgotten that in his capacity of the poets' friend he placed on record one illustration of his power which will always be gratefully remembered. It was under the counsel of Milnes that the laureateship was conferred on his college friend, Tennyson. Already, as one of that little band of Cambridge undergraduates, surnamed the Apostles, most of whom became famous themselves, he had obtained a hearing for Tennyson, and had, not without difficulty, forced him upon a somewhat reluctant and at first very much puzzled world. The difficulty of the task and the unattractiveness which the muse of the new singer had for much of the culture of the day, may be judged from a single incident. Miss Berry, one of the brightest and most intellectual women of her day, piqued herself upon her capacity for keeping pace with the intellect of the younger generations. At the instance of some of the men who, like Milnes, were then "preaching up" the new poet, she seriously set to work to read Tennyson. Educated in the school of Pope and habituated to classical models she could make nothing of him. Perplexed and chagrined, she suspected that she was the victim of an amiable imposture, and full of misgivings proceeded confidentially to interrogate a common friend of her own and Milnes's on the point. This, however, parenthetically. When Wordsworth's death caused a vacancy in the laureateship, Sir Robert Peel asked Milnes to tell him who, in his judgment, should succeed the bard of Rydal. "Beyond all question," was the reply, "Tennyson." "I am ashamed," rejoined Peel, "to say that, busied as I have been in public life, I have never read a line of Tennyson's. Send me two or three of his poems which may enable me to form an opinion." The poems sent were "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses." Peel, with unusual warmth, expressed his admiration of both, bestowing upon the "Ulysses" his highest praise, and he made at once the appointment which Milnes had advised.

Such an exercise of power, was, it must be confessed, an exceptional incident in Lord Houghton's career. For the most



part his influence was disproportionate to his position as a leading member of Parliament, to his abilities, to his social opportunities and rank. Ascendancy is to the stern, is even perhaps to the fierce, while Milnes was the most kindly, forgiving, tolerant, and indulgent of men. "Houghton," writes to me one who knew him well, "with all his high gifts, had, like most really noble men, a good deal of the woman in his nature, not only of the gentle, the merciful woman, but also of the woman excelling man by her ready initiative, by her swift sagacity transcendent of the reasoning process, and now and then by her nimble, her clever resort to a charming little bit of stage artifice. My laundress had come to me one day in floods of tears because her little boy of eleven years old, but looking, she said, much younger (being small of stature), had wandered off with another little boy of about the same age to a common near London, where they found an old mare grazing. The urchins put a handkerchief in the mouth of the mare to serve for a bridle, got both of them on her back, and triumphantly rode her off, but were committed to Newgate for horse-stealing. My laundress (not wanting in means) took measures for having her child duly defended by counsel, but I thought it cruel that the fate of the poor little boy should be resting on the chances of a solemn trial, and I mentioned the matter to Milnes. He instantly gave the right counsel. "Tell your laundress to take care that at the trial both the little boys—*both*, mind—shall appear in nice clean pinafores." The effect, as my laundress described it to me, was like magic. The two little boys in their nice pinafores appeared in the dock and smilingly gazed round the court. "What is the meaning of this?" said the judge, who had read the depositions and now saw the pinafores. "A case of horse-stealing, my lord." "Stuff and nonsense!" said the judge with indignation. "Horse-stealing indeed! The boys stole a *ride*." Then the pinafores so sagaciously suggested by Milnes had almost an ovation in court, and all who had had to do with the prosecution were made to suffer by the judge's indignant comment."

There were many other essentially feminine traits in his nature; prominent among them his love of domestic management. Although he was ever surrounded by the ladies of his family, and was comforted in late years especially by the society of his sister, Lady Galway, with

whom as a boy he had been brought up, and who devoted herself to him with an affection and assiduity infinitely touching and beautiful, he wrote his notes of invitation with his own hand and himself made the arrangements for the reception, the departure, and the general entertainment of his guests at Fryston. It was owing, perhaps, to this womanly element in his nature that he sometimes elicited confessions of a sort not often vouchsafed to men. During one of the divisions on the Jew Emancipation Bill, which was taking place at a time when the success of the measure was virtually assured, Milnes, finding himself by the side of Disraeli in the lobby, made bold to congratulate him in his character of a Jew. "Yes," observed Disraeli, "I am a Jew and a Radical, and I defy anybody to say I ever pretended the contrary." The true meaning of this little speech, which only stupidity can misconstrue, is obvious. What Disraeli desired to convey was not of course that he had never worn the Church of England and the Tory cockade, but that what he had worn was *only*, after all, a cockade, and that having enlisted with the Conservatives, he desired to help them for his own sake in fighting their battles, without really playing the hypocrite to the extent of making any intellectual man fancy that he really shared their notions.

The mention of Mr. Disraeli's name suggests another of Lord Houghton's distinguishing qualities. In a letter written to me by the late Mr. Hayward, eight years ago, apropos of an opinion I had presumed to offer on Lord Houghton, are these words: "Houghton's is a fine intellect, spoiled by paradox." A paradox is conventionally supposed to imply something in the nature of a contradiction—to involve on the face of it some aggressive inconsistency. One should rather understand by it something that runs counter to the received opinion, and inasmuch as there is always an *a priori* objection to the truth of whatever does this, every paradox may be thought to bring us to the verge of romance. With Milnes, paradox was generally an instrument either for the suggestion of truth, in which case it served the same logical purpose as analogy, or stimulating conversation and eliciting the opinions of others. It was thus the precise sort of intellectual weapon natural to one who was not what the French call *un homme sérieux*, who was always pursuing truth tentatively and who, with that aim, loved to throw out views which

were not necessarily the less sound because they might be strange. When for instance Milnes declared some forty-four years ago that Disraeli, then strange and actually repulsive to the House of Commons, would achieve the highest place in Parliament, he was thought by those who heard him to be uttering a mere piece of uninteresting nonsense. It took the slower world years to learn that he had truly divined the future. An instance of the second kind of paradox, the paradox with a purpose, in which Milnes delighted, was the audacity with which, at a dinner table, he once improvised a vindication of deception and falsehood. The object was rendered immediately apparent because it "drew" Carlyle, who proceeded to do exactly that which Milnes had meant him to do, vehemently to take up the cudgels in favor of the eternal verities.

No one who has ever possessed anything like Lord Houghton's intellectual power has qualified it by so much of sportiveness. And perhaps it would not be wrong if one were to say that intellectual sportiveness and intellectual curiosity were the two dominant "notes" of his mind. In one of his poems, "The Men of Old," he contrasts the old pagan thinkers and patriots with their latter-day successors. "I know not," he writes, "that the men of old were better than men now." Yet on the whole he gives the palm to the former, of whom he says:—

Blending their soul's sublime needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
As noble boys at play.

The words "noble boys" carry with them a touch of illumination to those who have heard Lord Houghton talk of the intellectual friends with whom he lived at Cambridge as his "playfellows"—a pretty, and, on his lips, singularly appropriate expression. He was a worker, but he worked in his own light-hearted fashion; he was a searcher after truth, but in his own easy way. Aristippus, the Cyrenaic, often wished that he could for a short time be a woman, and there was a heroine of Greek mythology, Cænis, who, prompted by an analogous motive, actually succeeded in effecting a corresponding transformation, and was henceforth known as Cæneus. If Milnes never gave articulate utterance to the wish of Aristippus, he at least went so far in that path as to play Shakespeare's Beatrice in some theatricals at Cambridge. There was much, as will be presently pointed out, in

common between the genius of Houghton and the genius of the poets of classical Hellas. He resembled, too, the more restless of the Hellenic speculators by the intensity of his intellectual inquisitiveness. His impassioned eagerness, ever of an intellectual kind, distinguished him from all other people. "If," writes to me the friend from whose instructive letter I have already quoted, "you had had the devil himself staying with you, Houghton would have almost turned you out of your own house, in order to learn all that your guest could tell him; would have turned the conversation abruptly to the subject of 'hoofs and horns;' would have asked whether the prowess of the angel Michael was not greatly exaggerated; and would not have gone away till he had mastered the whole subject of the Evil One, and his relations with the heavens above and the earth below. He never, like other young men, affected a love of dangers; but under the impulsion of insatiable curiosity he would brave anything. I once knew him go up in a balloon. This, a descent in a diving-bell excepted, was probably the only achievement approximating to athletic which Lord Houghton ever attempted. Prodigious though as a young man, and even as a man matured or advanced in years, his energy was, it displayed itself always in an intellectual field. He was never a sportsman. He never hunted and he never shot."

There can be little doubt that what constituted to a large extent Lord Houghton's intellectual and social charm was an obstacle in the way of his political advancement. He was not naturally a good speaker. Such, however, were the pains which he took with himself that he ended by acquiring the art, and what he once said to the Prince of Wales, "The two best after dinner speakers, sir, are your Royal Highness and myself," was literally true. On occasions of a graver character he never commanded an equal success. The intellectual inquirer was so prominent in his nature, that although he might speak quite positively without uttering a word which tended to disclose the *arrière pensée*, he always found it impossible to induce his hearers to take him in earnest. There is reason to suppose that he was well aware of this difficulty. What he lacked by nature he endeavored to make good by art. He even went so far as to assume in his speeches a kind of gravity or solemnity absolutely foreign to himself. Undertaking once at the Cambridge Union to deliver an oration glorifying the genius

of Milton, he attempted to rise worthily to the height of his great argument by reverently calling the author of "Paradise Lost" *Mr. Milton*. As an inevitable result, he threw the whole assembly into roars of laughter. No one had a larger store of learning or of precepts on the subject of oratory in the House of Commons, and many are they who have profited by his counsels. Yet he could not practise what he preached. He could not make his audience take him as *un homme sérieux*. One need not, therefore, wonder that he failed to obtain the official rank which he coveted. His intellect indeed was so bright, so discursive, and his individuality so splendidly strong, that he was not a man to be put in a team under the harness of the public service. Yet he did not think so himself, and was eager to take office, singling out the most laborious office in the world, the under-secretaryship of foreign affairs; and, as his abilities were universally recognized, his knowledge vast, his speaking fully good enough for the purpose, and his acquaintance with public men abroad and at home almost universal, whilst, moreover, he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Sir Robert Peel, the prime minister, and was afterwards on terms of friendship with Lord and Lady Palmerston, it might seem that there was absolutely nothing to prevent his attaining the object in view; but the one cause of the obstruction was assigned by Lady Palmerston, in three words spoken one day when Palmerston was forming a government. To a friend of hers who had mentioned Milnes praising, she said simply, "Yes, but I observe that men smile when they speak of him, as if they did not think him quite serious."

Speaking of the Palmerstons, "Milnes," again to quote my correspondent, "was with them at Broadlands in the Christmas of 1851, when no other guest was in the house. All at once — I think in the evening — there came a despatch, brought by a queen's messenger. Palmerston read the despatch quietly without betraying any emotion, or even any particular interest, and handed it silently to Lady Palmerston. She seized its import at a glance, and putting no restraint upon herself burst out into violent wrath. The despatch was one from 'Lord John,' simply dismissing Palmerston from his office of secretary of state for foreign affairs. The blow was the more startling, since dismissal — unmitigated, unveiled dismissal under any such conditions — had at that time become

obsolete. I dare say Milnes to the utmost of his kindly nature shared the indignation of Lady Palmerston; but he loved the drama, and could not have helped being interested by seeing a blow delivered so apparently powerful and decisive, yet destined, as perhaps he foresaw, to be after all so harmless. Before many more weeks had passed, the tables were turned on Lord John."

There is a sense in which this great lover of paradox illustrated in his life a paradox far more striking than any of those which he ever propounded in speech. Forced by the eagerness of his nature to be always in a crowd, whether in London society, in assemblies of politicians, of philanthropists, of poets, of philosophers and publicists, he was yet at heart the least gregarious of men. In his mind, at least, he never "trooped," never "flocked," never "herded" with any of the myriads of his fellow-creatures. Perhaps the man himself never spoke more sincerely, or more from the depths of his heart than in what, though I believe it has been vulgarized by being set to jingling music, is one of the finest and profoundest of his poems, "Strangers Yet." Take these two stanzas: —

Strangers yet!

After strife for common ends,  
After title of "old friends,"  
After passions fierce and tender,  
After cheerful self-surrender,  
Hearts may beat and eyes be met,  
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!

Oh, the bitter thought to scan  
All the loneliness of man,  
Nature, by magnetic laws,  
Circle unto circle draws,  
But they only touch when met,  
Never mingle — strangers yet.

It was not any instinctive tendency to go in the beaten track of humanity but the inexhaustible kindness of his own good heart which bound him to his beloved fellow-creatures. Whether this individuality would have remained throughout so strong, whether he would have always stood firm as a rock against the examples of people about him, but for the conditions under which he had been brought up, his home education, and the early Italianization, to use a barbarous compound, of his mind, may be doubted. But of the fact itself there can be no doubt whatever.

The merit and beauty of Lord Houghton's poetic performances are in an inverse ratio to their length. He is seen at

his best, his thought is most felicitous and his diction most polished, in his shorter pieces. He was, as Lord Beaconsfield described him, under the guise of Mr. Vavasour in "Tancred" — a description so admirable that it practically exhausts the man — "a poet and a real poet." But then, "his life was a gyration of energetic curiosity; an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket." An existence of this kind could not but have the effect of withdrawing attention from his poetry. Speech in the House of Lords; meeting at Marlborough House; speech by the chairman of this society; speech by the chairman of that — no one reading of these labors every day in his *Times* would incline to turn from his newspaper to the lovely poems of Milnes's early days; and it is only now, when the grave has closed over him, that he will cease to intercept the public appreciation of his works. For years together a great critic, who never tired of declaring his exalted estimate of Houghton's genius, used to work himself into a perfect fury of passion at the spectacle of his poet appearing so constantly in public life.

Intense sympathy is, perhaps, the keynote of Houghton's poetry as it is of his character. He did not describe so much as interpret. Instead of drawing a mere picture of Oriental personalities, or of the heroes of the old Greek mythology, he identified himself with them and told the world what they felt. Other poets, proceeding objectively, produced more or less frigid and inanimate presentments of the heathen life of Hellas, or of the sensuous existence of the gorgeous past. Houghton brought the subjective treatment to bear on old times and made them aglow with the warmth of actual being. Contrast the treatment of classical themes, as shown in "The Tomb of Laius" or "The Flowers of Helicon," with the treatment of Shelley or Keats. Contrast his handling of the life of the harem with that of Moore, and a difference, as between that of life and death, at once discloses itself. Houghton loved to linger on the borders of wonderland. He was forever laboring to believe. There was no mystery of the hour in which he did not strive to initiate himself. As it was with thought-reading, so had it previously been

with table-turning. No yearning could be more insatiate than his to find that the destiny of poor mortality might not, after all, be so narrow, so meaningless, as science demonstrated it to be. He was enamored of credulity; and although his keen, clear intellect and his sense of the ludicrous prevented the gratification of his passion, he still held that, impossible as it was to push his search after knowledge beyond the limits inexorably set, there still might be bliss, actual bliss, in belief resting on fancy. "We would," he writes in "Anima Mundi," —

We would, indeed, be somehow as Thou art,  
Not spring and bud, and flower, and fade,  
and fall,

Not fix our intellects on some scant part  
Of nature, but enjoy or feel it all.

*We would assert the privilege of a soul,  
In that it knows to understand the whole.*

The lines italicized seem exactly to explain the attitude of Houghton's intellect towards the problems of the universe. He was, as he may have called himself in the lines entitled "The Peace of God," "this life's inquiring traveller," endlessly busy with the unravelling of complicated truths and the solution of dark enigmas, ever analyzing the complex aggregate of human sentiment, ever impressed by the hidden analogies and resemblances of things, now ready to elevate the creations of his fancy to the dignity of immortal verities, now asking whether there be such a thing at all as truth.

In some of the most exquisite of his earlier verses he laments the rapid, irretrievable passing away of youth. "Youth" he exclaims, "is gone away; cruel, cruel youth!" And he concludes, —

We are cold, very cold, —  
All our blood is drying old,  
And a terrible heart-dearth  
Reigns for us in heaven and earth.  
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers  
In poor effort to attain  
Tepid embers, where still lingers  
Soul-preserving warmth, in vain.

But the youth whose flight the poet deplores is not merely the freshness of man's existence, it is the freshness of the world. It is more than the individual man that is growing old, it is the round earth and everything that is thereon. The ancients were the youths of humanity; we moderns, as Bacon said, are the true ancients. Houghton bewails the disappearance of the primitive paganism of mankind as if it were a personal loss which he had himself sustained. He writes on all these

subjects like one born out of his due time. In those days in which he seems to say he fain would have lived, there was no depressing consciousness of the world's failures, there were no gloomy yesterdays of aspirations baffled and sorrows accumulated on which to look back. The retrospect was bright in fancy; the prospect glorious with hope. What matter if the heathens of classic antiquity lived in an atmosphere of vain imaginings, and fed themselves only on the fictions of their fancy. It was enough for them; their fancies were to them as facts, and they therefore supplied a faith. The feeling which Houghton betrays in his classical poems towards these men is one of almost passionate envy. With such thoughts the poetry of his best and earliest period is charged. He realized and gave articulate expression to the sentiments and aspirations of pagan antiquity with an enthusiasm and pathos that in their way have never been surpassed and seldom approached. Again and again he speaks as from the very soul of one of his Hellenic heroes or favorites who were troubled by no doubt that their worthy resolves would be sanctioned by the approving thunders of Zeus, might even be followed by counsels from the lips of Pallas Athene herself. He could not, like the emperor Julian, undertake to bring back into life the past which he loved so much by any positive edict, but he could testify his desire to do so, he could proclaim his sympathy with the vanished epoch through the mouth of his muse. As in Edward Bunbury's great history of "Ancient Geography" and its illustrative maps we see the small circlet of territories within the ring-fence of Oceanus, which was all that had then been irradiated by the mind and imagination of Greece, so under the spell of Houghton's genius the circlet becomes all aglow with the rapturous fervor of a life illumined and glorified, and almost created by poetry.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SCOTTISH DAME ON HER TRAVELS,  
1756.\*

LORD COCKBURN was privileged to know the last surviving Scottish ladies of

\* *Letters and Journals of Mrs. Calderwood of Polton, 1756.* Edited by Alexander Fergusson, Lieutenant Colonel, Author of "Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk." Edinburgh: David Douglas.

the old school, and himself pronounced a fitting eulogium on their characteristics, — on their spirit, their humor, their courage, their independence, which made them stand out, he says, "like primitive rocks above ordinary society." "Their qualities of sense, humor, affection, and spirit were embodied in curious outsiders; for they all dressed, and spoke, and did exactly as they chose — their language, like their habits, entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes mistaken for." The pity is, that so few means have been spared us of recalling the personalities of these grand dames with whom the last sparks of Scottish character appear to have been extinguished. They were not, as a rule, letter-writers — the passion for memoirs did not exist in their day — and they have come down to us mainly as the heroines of some eccentricity, or the authors of some shrewd saying or absurd remark. What a field for observation a Mr. Pepys or a Horace Walpole would have found in the society of the Scottish capital towards the middle years of the last century! What graphic pictures might we not have had of old Lady Stair *en pleine cour* at Holyrood three times striking the floor with her cane, and each time proclaiming the Earl of Dundonald "a damned villain;" or of that beautiful hoyden Jane Maxwell, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, riding on a pig, with her not less lovely sister Eglantine, the future Lady Wallace of Craigie, acting as driver; or of the witty Lady Dick in male attire engaged in even more questionable frolics in the High Street, and brawling with the watch; or, yet more pleasing retrospect, Susanna, Countess of Eglinton, the grandest and fairest of great ladies, heading the procession of eight sedans ablaze with gilt and armorial bearings, in which she and her seven daughters, not less fair than herself, were being carried towards the old Assembly Rooms! A curious mixture of high-descended dignity and simplicity must the leaders of Scottish fashion have presented, if we can believe Pate-in-Peril's somewhat rash assertion, that "a tartan screen, and once a year a new cockernony from Paris, should serve a countess." They passed, and left only their traces in the beauties which they lent to the canvases of Ramsay, Aikman, and Raeburn, and the traditional traits which have been handed down to us as oddities of their generation; and if we picture to ourselves the Scottish lady of the last century, we are most readily tempted to



fall back upon that delightful idealization of all her higher qualities, Sir Walter Scott's Mrs. Bethune Baliol.

We were perhaps somewhat hasty in complaining that, beyond portraits and grotesque anecdotes, Scotch ladies of the last century have left no remains behind them. The ponderous tomes of the club-books have guarded the intellectual part of not a few of them as safely, and almost as undisturbedly, as the heavy headstones crowded with heraldic devices, cherubs, death's heads, and cross-bones have protected their material dust. Such, for instance, has been the case of Mrs. Calderwood of Polton, whose intellectual life lay entombed in that weighty quarto the "Coltness Collections" for more than half a century, until it has been resuscitated by Colonel Fergusson, the accomplished biographer of "Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk." Except that she was a lady who took advantage of all the freedom of language accorded to her generation, little has hitherto been generally known of Mrs. Calderwood beyond the limited circle of club-book readers; and Colonel Fergusson has shown us excellent reasons for saying that this is much to be regretted. By a judicious selection from her correspondence contained in the "Coltness Collections," and by editing her letters into a continuous narrative, he has succeeded in placing before us a most vigorous and lifelike personality of the writer. There is but little of the antique about Mrs. Calderwood; her duplicate might still be found among Scotchwomen, although we might have to seek for it some degrees further down the social scale. Her strongly marked individuality will probably appear even less singular to our more liberal notions than it must have done to her contemporaries. We can imagine her as a woman of keen wit and a sharp tongue, possessed of a dangerous power of effective ridicule, and a disposition to employ it when her feelings or her prejudices were at work; a mind as much disposed to look at matters from a profane as from a pious point of view; a kindly, shrewd, energetic, hot-tempered, and wilful hot-headed person.

Mrs. Calderwood possessed the advantage, unusual to the great mass of her countrywomen, of having been a travelled Scotchwoman; and it is owing to her travels, and to the journals which she kept, and the letters which she wrote to her friends at home, that we are able at the present day to make her acquaintance so closely. There is a vein of romance

connected with Mrs. Calderwood's expedition which must be opened. She was the wife of Mr. Calderwood of Polton, who may exhaustively be described as a "douce" Scotch laird. He was a Whig and she was a Whig, being a granddaughter of Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees, and connected by blood or marriage with all the leading families of the Covenant and the Revolution. To such a couple the defeat of Culloden, it might have been thought, could only prove a source of un-mixed rejoicing. Yet it brought a heavy cloud over the house of Polton, and condemned its master and mistress to brave the dangers of the German Ocean, and to sojourn for a season among the depressed and ruined adherents of the Stuarts in their Continental retreats. For Mrs. Calderwood's elder brother, Sir James Steuart of Coltness, had in some inexplicable way—and indeed there are not a few points in his history that need clearing up—fallen away from the political creed of his fathers, had become a rank Jacobite, and although he had never taken the field, was included among the proscribed adherents of the Chevalier. It seems strange that a gentleman who had ostensibly taken so small a part in the rising of the Forty-five should have continued to be excluded from the clemency of the crown after many more active participators had received a free pardon. Sir James Steuart evidently considered himself the victim of special persecution at the hands of the crown authorities. Writing to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Buchan, from the Continent in 1746, he thus complains: "I am sure there cannot be the least proof against me of high treason. . . . That I am deeply suspected I know very well, and that I was looked upon as a furious Jacobite by many; but, good God! is that a reason to class me in a bill of attainder without having some sort of evidence of my being guilty of high treason?" Cautiously as Sir James had acted, there can be no question that he had played an active and secret part in Jacobite diplomacy, which, with all the other intrigues of St. Germain's, did not escape George II.'s ministers. His wife, Lady Frances Charteris, the "flower of the Wemyss family," was as enthusiastic a Jacobite as her brother Lord Elcho, and shortly after their marriage he appears to have gone abroad in the interest of the house of Stuart. Among the Stuart papers there are various traces to be found of his activity. For instance, we find him at Ghent in August, 1745, when on the

point of leaving to join the prince in Scotland, writing to the Chevalier de St. George:—

I am now pleased finding that I have been able to be of some use here, and like to be of much more, by carrying to my Prince and country the glorious resolutions of the Kings of France and Spain, who have charged me by their Ministers to acquaint his Royal Highness and nobles of Scotland that they shall support him and the King his father's cause with all their force by sea, land, etc. . . . I shall make a good regiment in the country to serve my King, and I hope do better service there, that I hope in God there will be an invitation to the King soon to come to this country upon good grounds.

Probably prudence and the persuasions of his Whig kinsfolk served to restrain his enthusiasm when he reached Scotland, although they did not prevent him from completely identifying himself with the Jacobite party. He had been a pensioner of St. Germain, and had also lent his talents to the difficult subject of Jacobite finance. The Chevalier de St. George, writing to Sir James in September, 1746, remarks, "that with the money you brought back from Scotland, you will have a good deal of the Spanish money still in your hands," which cannot be better applied than in relieving the necessities of the unfortunate exiles. There is extant, too, a draft commission to Sir James, dated December, 1746, to represent the prince's interests at the court of France, where he was a *persona grata* to the Duke de Bouillon and the D'Argensons. The attempts which either Sir James or his friends at home were making to minimize his connection with the Stuart interest, and to procure his pardon, seem subsequently to have created suspicion in the French ministers; and Sir James retired to Angoulême, where he resided until 1754, devoting himself with much success to the then infant science of political economy. Before the breaking out of the seven years' war with France, Sir James and his family migrated to Flanders, as their residence in a hostile country would not have contributed to the peace which he was still assiduously endeavoring to make with his own government. And it was mainly to cheer her brother and his wife, whose circumstances were then apparently much depressed, that Mrs. Calderwood and her husband set out upon their venturesome expedition.

Never, assuredly, was a sentimental journey chronicled by a more practical person. From that eventful June 3, 1756,

when "at 4 afternoon I set out from Poltoun and slept at Pilmure," the good dame is all eyes and ears, and, according to her own admission, not a little tongue also. Hardly has she got over the Tweed than she has to take up her testimony against Sabbath desecration by playing at football, and to record her admiration for the unwonted, not to say unwelcome, sight of hassocks for kneeling upon in Durham Cathedral, which she drily likens to "so many Cheshire cheeses."

I think [quoth Mrs. Calderwood] the cathedral of Durham is the most ridiculous piece of expence I saw, to keep up such a pagentry of idle fellows in a country place, where there is nobody either to see or join with them, for there was not place for above fifty folks besides the performers.

But in spite of the air of critical superiority with which she regards the southrons and their ways, her journey to the metropolis was not altogether profitless. By the time she reached London, she had picked up a receipt for making Stilton cheese, another for salting butter, a pretty accurate estimate of how much an "aiker" land was rented at in the different shires through which she passed, and various weighty opinions of the different breeds of cattle she had met with.

London was then excited over Admiral Byng's failure off Minorca, and Mrs. Calderwood was not slow to notice and satirize the wavering views of the statesmen, and the unreasoning clamors of the populace. Her sense of reverence, never very strong, quite deserts her when she discovers that ministers of state, instead of answering to the grand ideas which she had entertained of them, were "a parcell of old ignorant senseless bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, and rolling about in Hyde Park."

There is no depending on news at London [she continues]; there was a lye coined for every day I was there, and every one of them the English believed, providing it was agreeable. And the Court is no better informed than the vulgar: for, providing there are two lyes raised in one day, a good one in the forenoon; then the Duke of Newcastle drinks Mr. Byng's health at dinner: out comes a defeat in the afternoon; he damns Mr. Byng for a scoundrell. Out goes one of the Princess's masters to Kew; he tells Mr. Byng has defeat the French. The Prince of Wales hears it; then it comes, Who told you, Heny Peny? At last it lands on the French dancing-master, who lays it on a Hanoverian officer, whose name he knew not. So the reports go abroad.

Mrs. Calderwood could only speak of

the court by report, and indeed only saw fashionable society from side views at Ranelagh and Vauxhall. She does not endorse the general verdict on Mary Gunning, the Countess of Coventry's beauty, but regards her as "a pert, stinking-like hussy." "She was in dishabille, and very shabby drest, but was painted over her very jaw-bones." The good lady of Polton never once allows herself to be betrayed into admiration. London and its society she regards from a tolerant, not to say patronizing point of view, that would have been infinitely amusing to contemporary Cockneys could they have been privileged to read and gifted to understand her correspondence. She is, however, disposed to be pleased with Greenwich Hospital, which she pronounces "a ridiculous fine thing," and remarks that "no wonder the English are transported with a place they can see about them in." But on the whole, she views the sights of London very much in the spirit of Richie Moniplies, who unblushingly maintained the superiority of the Edinburgh West Port to the Whitehall gateways of the great Holbein, and of the Water of Leith and the Nor' Loch as navigable rivers compared to the Thames. Even in the matter of English cookery, with which her countrymen were popularly supposed not to quarrel, Mrs. Calderwood is not to be appeased:—

As for their victuals they make such a work about, I cannot enter into the taste of [them]; or rather, I think, they have no taste to enter into. The meat is juicy enough, but has so little taste, that if [you] shut your eyes, you will not know by either taste or smell what you are eating. The lamb and veal look as if they had been blanched in water. The smell of dinner will never intimate that it is on the table. No such effluvia as beef and cabbage was ever found at London. I never used to be fond of bacon or salt things, and did not reflect upon it, till after that I ate of them whenever I could, as it was without thinking but that it was better than it used to be, till I considered and found that it had been from its having more taste that made me have a natural desire for it. I am not surprised the English run into French cookry, or to speak with so much pleasure of rashers of bacon or of roasted beef, for their beef and bacon are their best.

Their London business despatched, the Calderwoods journeyed to Harwich, and took the government packet across to Helvoetsluys. The lady's account of this doleful voyage has been frequently quoted; and if our memory serves us rightly, her editor has somewhat toned down the eloquent force of her description. Suffice it

to say that a cross wind compelled them to cast anchor off the coast of Suffolk, "when every one fell a-vomiting, and there was such sighing and groaning in the two cabins as I never heard the like."

Mr. Calderwood had got possession of the state-room, and there lay he snug, with the door shut, very squeamish. There was such a stink below that I durst not go down, so sat above till it was almost dark; then down and into bed as soon as possible, very, very squeamish. I could not keep my feet in the cabin, and it was such an operation betwixt John [John Rattray, their servant] and me to get off some of my clothes, and to get on my night-clothes, that had anybody been inclined to laugh, they might have had a good subject. I at last got to bed, but such a night I think I never will forget.

The reader may, with profit and amusement, follow Mrs. Calderwood's footsteps through Holland from Rotterdam to Delft and the Hague, where the Dutch court was at that time presided over by the mother of the young stadtholder, Princess Anne, daughter of George II. The frugal and industrious Dutch impress Mrs. Calderwood more favorably than her own neighbors across the Tweed; but she complains that "almost none of them have the look of gentlemen or ladies." She finds the "vivers" dear; but "their cookery is preferable to ours in all manner of stews and stoved things." They travel on a *trekschuyt* from the Hague to Amsterdam, commanded by a skipper who "sits on his hungkers;" and on the way she finds time to recall the following anecdote of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, the well-known Scottish republican and anti-Unionist:—

Salton could not endure the smoak of toback, and as he was in a night-scoot, the skipper and he fell out about his forbidding him to smoak. Salton, finding he could not hinder him, went up and sat on the ridge of the boat, which bows like an arch. The skipper was so contentious that he followed him, and on whatever side Salton sat he put his pipe in the cheek next him and whifed it in his face. Salton went down several times, and brought up stones in his pocket from the ballast, and slipt them into the skipper's pocket that was next the water, and when he found he had loadened him as much as would sink him, he gives him a shove so that over he hirsled. The boat went on, and Salton came down amongst the rest of the passengers, who probably were asleep, and fell asleep amongst the rest. In a little time bump came the scoot against the side, on which they all damned the skipper; but behold when they called there was no skipper, which would breed no great amazement in a Dutch company.

Flanders, however, does not yield the same gratification to Mrs. Calderwood as Holland had done. Her Scottish Puritanism rises in furious wrath at the Church of Rome, and she writes so that her editor has been obliged to exercise his judgment in excising the more offensive remarks; and he might, without much indiscretion, have gone a little further. Mrs. Calderwood indulges to the full in that coarse ridicule which — since the time when, in David Lindsay's hands, it had proved a most efficacious instrument in breaking the keys of Rome — has always been in high favor with Scottish controversialists. Mrs. Calderwood wields these antique weapons with admirable skill; and we scarcely know whether we ought to be shocked at her utter lack of Christian charity or amused at her profane absurdities, which, although less refined, recall the language which Voltaire much about the same time was making use of. Flanders was then full of English and Scottish priests. The religious houses were crowded with ladies of the unfortunate families who had suffered in the cause of the Stuarts. The lady of Polton was as much an adept in the art of extracting information as a modern newspaper interviewer, and she managed to get many curious details of monastic and conventual life from the Scotch priests and sisters whom she encountered, which are not the less readable for her own pungent criticisms.

It was at Spa that the Calderwoods succeeded in meeting their relations; and they found the famous watering-place crowded with their countrymen, both Georgians and Jacobites, and with many notabilities from the Continental States besides. We may note *en passant* that Flanders at that time seems to have been regarded as a sort of quarantine for the British exiles, in which, away from the open influence of France, they might qualify themselves for the pardon which their friends were striving to procure for them. There was also the usual assemblage of adventurers, sharpers, Jews, and eccentrics, who furnished Mrs. Calderwood with excellent material for study and description. Some of her countrymen at least were thriving, for there was a public room kept by a Mr. Hay, "who was long about my Lady Errol," and who also managed a "faro bank," which had more attractions for the majority of visitors than the twice-a-week dances. Mrs. Calderwood attributes this to the awkwardness of the women of the country, who

cannot go through a country-dance, but "hobble, hobble, and never stir a foot."

There was a family of Jews there, Minheir Pinto, from Amsterdam, his lady, daughter, and son-in-law, another daughter and two sons, the oddest-like animals ever was seen, with high noses, and black round eyes set close to them, like so many owls. They were the keenest dancers, and the worst at it ever was. After the company had looked with wonder at their dancing for several nights, and the men had begun to shun dancing with them (for they always asked them), Lady Hellen [daughter of Lord Wemyss, and sister-in-law of Sir James Steuart] and Lord Garless [Garlies] danced a strathspey minuet; whenever the Jews saw that, they fell to it, they lap, they slaughtered so like hens with their feet tied together, that you might have bound the whole company with a straw; and they were delighted.

But there were more accomplished personages at the "Spaw" who sat to Mrs. Calderwood for their portraits, and with whom we have made acquaintance elsewhere. There was the rich Mr. Spencer, afterwards the first earl — then a young man travelling with his governor, but already married. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Poyntz, commanded the party; "a deaf, short-sighted, loud-spoken, hackney-headed wife." There was, too, the Prince-Bishop of Osnaburgh, "a very civil body, just like Mr. Cunninghame the packman." Then came Sir Thomas Worsley and his wife, and her brother Lord Dungarven, and their cousin Lord Boyle — who had a bad temper and a "strong Irish brog" — and various military ladies, with whom Mrs. Calderwood had some difficulty in hitting it off. To the social comminglings of these people, and to the inevitable scandals which float in the air of a watering-place, Mrs. Calderwood does full justice; and we know of no work in which English life at a Continental spa in the eighteenth century has been so humorously and graphically described as in her letters.

The Calderwoods had taken from home with them two Scotch servants, whose remarks and experiences furnish much amusement throughout the letters. We have already seen John Rattray acting as lady's-maid to Mrs. Calderwood during the eventful night on board the packet. We may now quote the following story of his linguistic difficulties: —

We often got good sport with John's French and the mistakes that happened betwixt him and her [Lady Frances Steuart]. They wanted to have a *haggas*, but John said we must set our hearts by [beyond] that, for he had seen

nothing like meal in that town. That day Mr. Calderwood had bid the landlady get him some honey, so when she was counting with John at night there was an article for *miel*. "Meal!" says John; "devil a grain have I seen in your country! no, no, madam—no, no," and shook his head.

Upon this she came to Mr. Calderwood, who put John right, and told the woman what he had mistaken it for; upon which she produced meal, to the great joy of the company, who by this mistake got a haggas.

I asked John one day how they called the maid of the house.

"I don't know," says he, "how they call the wemen-servants here, but they call us men *dumbsticks*."

"Troth," says I, "you are really well named at present."

However, John was very happy, for there were many Scots and English dumbsticks there with whom he made merry. . . . Then comes Peggie Rainy.

"O sir!" says she, "I was learning French with Mr. Hair and Mr. Line, and you laught me out of [it]. I would have been a fine speaker if it had not been for you, but you said I was too old, and now I'm older and will never learn."

Indeeds he said true, for if she was told how to ask for a thing, she forgot or she was at the foot of the stair. Then she thought she would do like daft Jock and repeat it all the way; so one day she was wanting to walk to a fountain called the *Tonelet*, and after being directed the road was desired to ask anybody she met if that was the road to the *Tonelet*, and thought she had got a fast grip of *le chemin à la Tonelet*.

"*Chambeing toutalon*," says she to every one she met, and returned without finding the place. "Ay," says she, "I that came from Edinburgh to Liege as if I had been led by a string, not to find a place within a mile of Spaw!"

It is gratifying to know that the Calderwoods had their brother restored to them shortly after the accession of George III., when Sir James Steuart was permitted to return home, and to live quietly on his estate. It was not, however, before the breach which had been gradually widening between the French court and Sir James resulted in his arrest at Spa in 1762, and his imprisonment in the fortress of Givet until the conclusion of the war. The French government was scarcely to be blamed for this measure of precaution, illegal though it doubtless was; for Sir James, standing on the borderland between the Stuarts and the English government, and sharing the secrets of the former while he was most anxious to secure the friendship and forgiveness of the latter, was certainly a person dangerous to French interests. When and in what

manner Sir James succeeded in finally disentangling himself from the Jacobite cause, has never been fully set forth. His friends and biographers have carried their endeavors to extenuate his connection with Jacobitism to an extent which presents us with quite a misleading view of his connection with that movement; and Colonel Fergusson has shown less than his usual critical insight in so unreservedly accepting their statements. Sir James as a politician does not figure to advantage. As a thinker and a writer, of a school much in advance of his age, he has never received the consideration which he deserves. As the earliest expositor in this country of political economy as a distinct science, he is entitled to no small amount of the credit which is usually bestowed on his better known successor Adam Smith.

We presume the time is not far off when many of the other club-books are to be rifled in the same way as the "Coltiness Collections" have been made to yield their treasures. These monuments of editorial acumen and patient research are, it is to be feared, sealed books to this generation of superficial readers, while so many sources of interest are buried within their boards that they present a most inviting field for the enterprising *littérateur*. If such be the inevitable fate of the Bannatyne, Abbotsford, Roxburghe, and Spalding storehouses, we can only wish that they may be assailed with the same taste and literary skill as have produced the delightful volume which we now lay down.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### RURAL ROADS.

THERE are certain patents, or rather copyrights, which it would be a blunder verging on crime to infringe. The sight-seeing of the British isles must be left to our American cousins; chariotteering chronicles to the cosmopolitan millionaire, or members of the Four-in-Hand Club, and the discovery of new holiday haunts to the legions of enterprising tourists, whose most difficult problem at present is how to get out of each other's way. The "log" of a *bonâ fide* traveller who has occasion to trot leisurely through the rural roads of half-a-dozen counties in our native land must be acquitted of any rash ambition to compete with these established literary properties; but it is not



claiming too much for the British isles to say that within the length and breadth of them no continuous stretch of one hundred and fifty miles can be traversed without pleasure and some kind of instruction, most likely unforeseen; and if the chapter of accidents puts such a stretch of road within our reach, the invitation to follow it should not be neglected.

A glance at Bradshaw's map will show that, notwithstanding the development of railway enterprise, there is no direct route from the north-west corner of Hampshire to the south-west end of Lincolnshire, so that if a horse, trap, and human appendages have to be conveyed from one point to the other, it is economically possible to prefer the road to a day's rail round the corner through London. It is the second week in June, but owing to the late spring the hawthorn is still only in its prime; the buttercups in the Hampshire meadows make a broader and brighter sheet of gold than usual, and the little villages which nestle mostly in cosy, wooded hollows, round about the "neat and solid market town" of Andover, still justify Cobbett's assertion that "this country has its beauties, though so open," and we must now add, so turnip-ridden. Sixty years since, Cobbett's harangues to the farmers were among the attractions of the great October fair at Weyhill, which he describes as "a village of half-a-dozen houses on a down, just above Appleshaw." It is not much larger now, but the fair buildings, long, low sheds, with chalk walls and slate roofs, separated by green lanes, with down outside, and a picturesque ex-inn and farmhouse in the centre, give a curious individuality to the place.

The weather is cloudy, and we only start at six P.M., intending to sleep at Newbury, after a short stage of sixteen miles. Weyhill is known parochially as Penton Grafton, and part of the parish belongs geographically to the neighboring village of Penton Mewsey, through which we start. Penton is not on the highroad, and we follow lanes that meander gently right and left, up and down, with a leisurely, rustic slouch. A couple of miles brings us to a little corner public-house; one boy represents the population of five cross lanes; presently we find ourselves on the highroad from Andover to Newbury; here are milestones, mostly illegible, an uninhabited turnpike hut, two laborers going home from work, one wayside cottage, a country parson and a gig crawling up the hill down which our old horse prefers to zigzag cautiously. The

rain lifts, and only the distant views of Berkshire hills are spoilt; the brown atmosphere seems to harmonize with the silence; all the hedge that is not snowy white is a moist, feathery green, uncontaminated by shears and bill-hook, and even without the shadow of the wood upon the right, one might mistake these rural solitudes for the lotus-eater's paradise, a land of long, lazy drifting, through silent fragrant afternoons.

Five miles from Andover we come to Hurstborne Tarrant, again a favorite haunt of Cobbett, though he prefers the local and correcter pronunciation of Up-husband, a largish village with near nine hundred inhabitants. Wages here in 1822, were 6s. weekly; in the same part of the country they are now 12s., but children no longer go to work at six or eight, so that the man with a "long family" has gained in money wages perhaps half-a-crown. They have thus increased in the interval by about a halfpenny per annum, a truly magnificent pace of progress, at which rate, if continued three hundred years hence, Hodge will be earning just about the 62l. per annum which Cobbett calculated to be sufficient to find a laborer's family in homegrown bread, meat, and beer, without any such new-fangled luxuries as tea, school-pence, or potatoes. Perhaps, as Béranger says,—

*Celles-ci sont pour l'an trois mil, ainsi soit-il !*

More copse and hedges. A steep pull up the ridge which culminates in Beacon and Sidown hills, above Lord Carnarvon's park. The famous rhododendrons of High Clere are in bloom, but we pass by on the other side, through the village, the third and last upon the road to Newbury, which we reach, through its modest fringe of villas, about half past eight. The little town is strange to us, and we seek guidance from an opportune policeman, and though the discreet guardian of the public peace looks as if, like the undergraduate pressed to discriminate between the major and minor prophets, he "liked not to make invidious distinctions," we gather from him that it will be on the safe side to "put up" at the White Hart. But for the quarterly utterance of the church clock, the paved market-place is as silent as the hedgerows through the nights.

These first fifteen miles were not by any means the most solitary of the road before us, but they happen to be those as to which it is easiest to "quantify" the impression we receive of traversing a

scantly peopled country. It would be troublesome to ascertain for the whole distance the exact acreage of every parish traversed, but for these sixteen miles the population in a strip of country averaging about a mile and four-fifths wide along the road, averages about seventy-seven to the square mile. The soil is not poor; the land is almost entirely inclosed, is all cultivable and apparently all cultivated, except the pleasure-grounds at Doleswood and High Clere. Whether under these circumstances the above population can be considered normal in a civilized and crowded country may be judged from the fact that the general average for Great Britain is two hundred and eighty-nine to the square mile; the average in Ireland before the famine was two hundred and forty-nine; that of Bengal is four hundred and forty; that of the eastern province of China, including the great plain, is four hundred and fifty-eight; while three of the most populous of these provinces, with an area half as large again as Great Britain and Ireland, had, at the beginning of the century, an average of nearly seven hundred and fifty to the square mile. Unless our agricultural laborers are ten times as well off as John Chinaman we must have a good deal to learn in the way of rural economy; and, unfortunately, it is an open question whether the agricultural laborer is even as well off with us as he is (except in famine years) in the land of Mencius, where the test of good government has always been, that the aged agriculturalist is able to "eat flesh and wear silk," the latter of course for warmth, not ostentation. Most of the villages we reach have a stationary or declining population, and as Cobbett's personal experience of so many different counties gave a similar result, except about the then modest little town of London, it is easy to understand his disbelief in the return of the second and third census (1811 and 1821), which represented the population of the whole country as increasing. With all his hatred of the "war," he hardly realized how many villages could be emptied into it without making much impression on its apparent size.

The next day's journey must take in fifty-six miles to Banbury, so an early start is prudent. A pretty chambermaid keeps exemplary faith, and we are off at seven, through a quiet downpour suggestive of one of the few weather proverbs that experience justifies rather oftener than not. "Rain before seven, fine before eleven" in this case meant dry by nine and sunny

by noon, and for the rest of the way we had only to congratulate ourselves on the showers which had laid the dust and cooled the roads for three days ahead. A shady road leads out of Newbury through Domington village; not being sightseers we leave the castle of that ilk on our left, cross the Lambourn on its way to join the Kennet, pass an old roadside inn dedicated to the Fox and Hounds, catch a glimpse of Chieveley church and village on the left, and admire a long row of laburnum-trees in full flower which some one has planted alternately with firs along a sloping meadow top. No hay is cut or carrying; one threshing machine is at work, but John opines that if the farmer has been holding back for a rise he is likely to be disappointed when he gets to market. About six miles from Newbury, with the disregard for horseflesh common to English road-makers, we charge straight up and down Beedon Hill, a round outwork of the Berkshire downs, avoiding the village which lies on a by-road at the western foot.

On the north side of Beedon Hill we descend upon the interesting and picturesque village of Market Ilsey, where sheep and lamb fairs are held fortnightly for several months. The village lies in the hollow between Beedon Hill and the range of downs which stretches west above the vale of the White Horse to Ashdown. Half the village street is taken up *en permanence* with the sheep-pens required for the recurring fairs or markets, and the adaptation of the whole village to a special and unusual purpose gives it the same half-exotic air in Weyhill, which it also resembles in the number of its public-houses — there are seven inns besides beer-shops to a population under six hundred — and in the presence of racing stables, brought by the fact that the grass of this down furnishes the best exercising ground for young horses. We had determined at starting to follow the custom of Swiss and Italian *vetturini*, and make two short halts in the morning and afternoon, as well as the longer one at midday, and at Ilsey horse and man tried the hospitality of one of the seven inns while the driver strolled up to the Ridgeway.

Flocks of sheep were grazing in hurdled inclosures under the slope, the clouds were breaking, and gleams of sunlight flitted over the country, resting, as it seemed, by preference on the little marketplace. The summit of the hill is open, and as lovely a bit of down as one need wish to see. The dim grass track of the Ridgeway

stretches alluringly to the west, and it would be a sacrifice to remain in sight of the highroad but for a copse or thicket on either side of it. Here the gorse in flower, with hawthorn-trees in the midst, made a perfect group with earth and sky; the delicate green, gold, and white — hues fit for fairyland — harmonize and blend with each other and the landscape, with a look of naturalness as well as beauty that the best arrangement of the best horticulturists never quite comes up to. It is not by accident that primroses, wood anemones, and violets, cowslips and purple orchises, wild rose and honeysuckle, loosestrife and meadowsweet, and many another floral pair, not only grow together, but set off each other's beauty as they do so. Nature's groupings are the best in our eyes, not merely because they are natural, but also because our eyes have not yet altogether unlearned the unconscious lessons of primeval life by which man adapts his taste to what is best in nature instead of adapting nature to what is worst in man. The inhabitants of the village, it is said, have the right of cutting furze upon the downs, but inclosures have crept up so far that the privilege cannot be worth much.

As the crow flies, the Thames, just below Moulsoford, is only six or seven miles off, but the view due east is blocked by the shoulder of the down, and the open country, watered by the obscure streamlets which debouch into the Thames at Abingdon, has no more charm than belongs to every wide outlook over cultivated land. A pond and farmhouse betoken the neighborhood of the little village of Chiltern, which, like three villages out of every four, stands off the highroad. About seven miles from Isley we cross the Great Western Railway by Steventon station and village, the latter of which, no doubt, owes to the presence of the former the fact that its population is slightly on the increase. As if to assure us that, after all, the plains of Merrie England are a little more populous than the Splügen, we find the village street beyond the gate of the level crossing engaged in the wild dissipation which betokens a "club feast." There is a small booth by the wayside, and a red-coat is having a shy at "Aunt Sally;" fathers of families, in their Sunday best, saunter up by twos and threes; and a flag is flying at the inn, where the proceedings will terminate with the usual minimum of benefit to the club funds. Steventon, however, rejoices in attractions more permanent than those of Aunt Sally. On the Abingdon

side the road passes through what at first sight seems only an unusually large and pretty village green, but a second glance shows that the avenue of tall trees around it belongs to the green and edges a raised path, like those along the Oxford meadows, skirting the green. Admiration is mixed with wonder, for we seldom meet a village seized of such a pretty bit of landed property. On inquiry it seems that a trust fund, somewhat under 40*l.* per annum, has been bequeathed for keeping up the causeway and avenues; but while such pretty possessions are the exception, and the custom of the country is to do without them, their owners will not know what to do with them, and accordingly we find the wild festivities of Steventon going on in the street, with as little picturesqueness as if no founder and benefactor had ever thought of its pleasures. After this the road passes through Drayton village, and in four miles reaches Abingdon. It is only on entering and leaving a town that any question as to the route arises. From Abingdon to Oxford there is a choice, and in following the highroad we come in by Christchurch instead of over Magdalen Bridge. The number of notices to trespassers about Bagly Wood and elsewhere suggests that we are in the neighborhood either of peculiarly illiberal landlords or a very destructive native population. We reach Oxford at noon, but these centres of civilization concern us not.

Along the Banbury road we see some haymaking at last, and the scent of beanfields is in the air. For a mile or so beyond Summerstown a few nurses and children, and further on a youth or two, taking their constitutionals on wheels, break the transition. We touch the corner of the straggling village of Kidlington, and then the road settles down into the pretty agricultural solitude which we are learning to look upon as the traveller's right. Roadside trees, rare in Hampshire, grow steadily commoner as we proceed, their shade the welcomer as the sky clears; but one cannot have everything at once, and with them we lose a type of road which at least once a year is full of charm; it is edged with turf on either side, and the wheat or turnip fields are almost shut out of sight by the hedge of branching hawthorn, seldom less than ten or twelve feet high. Tackley parish produces "Sturdy Castle," an old junction inn, where the highroad forks to Woodstock; but in Steeple Aston we find a better half-way house, owned by a farmer and still called Hopcroft's Holt, after

some ancient occupier of equal wisdom. This is the typical or rather the ideal wayside inn, quiet and white and neat, with flowers before the porch and a little parlor, which is also the family's best sitting-room, commanding a still and pleasant view of the copse and finger-post where four unfrequented roads diverge; here, at least, between five and six the wayfarer may rejoice in afternoon tea (though even then bread and cheese will be proffered first) and either try his hand at a well-bound novel, dedicated in 1830 to the newly confessed "author of Waverley," or meditate on the confirmation given by our village inns to the thesis of England's uninhabited estate. Some of these little hostelries are pretty and pleasant enough to compare with ought of their size in Switzerland or Bavaria or the Black Forest; but their pleasantness is in no case supported or suggested by the custom which they receive. 'Tis not for guests or customers that flowers are set in the window and sweet peas trained up the door. If mine host and his womenfolk come of a comfortable stock accustomed to these amenities, the inn will have the homely prettiness of a country farm; if not, the farmer and his nag will respectively eat and drink in due season, the waggoner will stop to bait and Hodge turn in to swallow silently as much beer as his meagre budget will admit; and more exacting customers are too few to count. If the inn looks prosperous, the odds are that the landlord is a farmer, or, may be, postmaster and tailor as well, or, as in Deddington just ahead, a blacksmith or a butcher, or, perhaps, proprietor of the mowing or threshing machine which serves the district. Civilized travellers will beware of the man who lives by beer alone, and the effective demand for bread and cheese, to say nothing of bacon, is evidently inadequate to evoke a constant supply.

At six o'clock the best of the summer evening is before us; the low hill on the right, with the churches of Steeple Aston and North Aston, shields the road which presently crosses the little river Swere, and climbs the hill to Deddington, once a market town, now in appearance a rather overgrown village, and not the worse for that, since English villages are generally pretty, and small English towns almost always ugly, unless their growth was arrested a century ago. Handsome old timbered houses survive to tell the tale of departed glory, and a bicycle gyrating down the hill casts a slender ray of hope on the immediate future of these rural roads and de-

caying village inns. Deddington has under two thousand and Adderbury under fifteen hundred inhabitants; they are only two miles apart and not unlike in situation, having each a hill and each a stream, and each a sleepy high street, though the green side of the hill sloping to the water meadows is of unequal steepness and beauty. Here again we meet signs of life: no fewer than three carts, of various degrees of pretension, bearing ferns and flowers and more or less hilarious drivers canter by us; there must have been a flower show in Banbury, and we ourselves are in the parish of Bodlicote, a spot of some botanical interest, for medicinal rhubarb is grown here. Apropos of rhubarb, we pass to-day some plants of the common sort in flower, and wonder why it is not grown as a foliage plant in Hyde Park; the heads are finer than pampas grass. Drugs and flower shows notwithstanding, the English settlements to the north of Banbury (to borrow the language of a dispassionate explorer) are in a declining state. Deddington has lost its market and Easington its parish church, or rather the church is still there but the parishioners are made over to the adjoining cure of Cuxham; a flock of twenty-eight sheep left in the wilderness cannot expect to have a shepherd to itself, and, as every traveller knows, the ruined and deserted temples of an ancient faith are always to be met with as picturesque ornaments on the site of former prosperity and cultivation.

The crimson sun sets behind Banbury, a quiet, comfortable little town with about ten thousand inhabitants, just — so to speak — a size larger than Newbury, and not too large for a good contingent of the inhabitants to enjoy a summer evening's stroll along the shady roads outside the town, which are not without hospitable benches. By comparison with the roads we have been following we seem again in an uninhabited country, but as at Newbury we compared our own impressions of England's uninhabitedness with Chinese statistics of population, we may now compare with both the impressions received by travellers in that really populous country. An Arab traveller of the ninth century attempts to give an idea of the populousness of the fertile plains in southern China, by saying that the villages seem so close as almost to touch, and *the cocks answer each other continuously from hamlet to hamlet for one hundred leagues together*. In England we speak of "barn door" fowls, and our peasantry have no barn and but rarely

fowls, so the music of chancicleer is less conspicuous a feature in village life than might be wished; but though every village kept wild cocks enough to spoil the slumbers of a score of Carlyles, along our highroad their voices would not reach to make an echo in the nearest hamlet, but would die away desolately in the void. The Spanish and Portuguese travellers who visited China in the sixteenth century use corresponding expressions; pagodas stood within a stone's throw of each other, and continuously for eleven days' journey they see "cities, towns, villages, boroughs, forts, and castles not a shot's flight distant from one another." The Jesuit missionaries of the eighteenth and the Protestants of the present century tell substantially the same story, describing agricultural China as we should describe the manufacturing parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where the smoke of one town meets its neighbor in the sky. One recent traveller\* tried to explain the difference by the choice of more productive crops, "One acre of wheat will in Europe support two men; one acre in China will probably support twenty;" but if one acre of wheat supported two men, a parish containing nineteen hundred and twenty acres half laid down in wheat would support nineteen hundred and twenty inhabitants, or at the rate of six hundred and forty to the square mile, and still have a surplus to spare for Deddington market. The true secret of the matter is that the Chinese agriculturist does, and the English does not feed and clothe himself directly out of the produce of his own labor. The consequence is that, as English travellers observe, with a surprise that would itself be surprising to a Chinaman, the country people of China are well off in a fat, fertile district, and only poor when the soil and climate are against them. We manage these things differently in England; and it might still be said, almost as absolutely as by Cobbett, that "the richer the soil and the more destitute of woods, that is to say, the more purely a corn country, the more miserable the laborers."

At Banbury the rights of chambermaids are respected, and we are not "entitled," as the Scotch landlord says, to tea at 6.30, except by private arrangement with the damsel, who agrees to curtail her lawful slumbers for a consideration. We are off at seven, with a clear and cloudless sky; and begin now to diverge from the straight

road to Lincolnshire, and make a sweep westward, in order to touch at Coventry.

Outside the town we have a choice of roads — one to Warwick and Leamington, the other to Leamington; and, as the latter is our destination, we follow its guidance, and do not repent, though it proves not to be the one we had predetermined on. Close to the road, at our left, is the pretty church and village of Mollington, half in Oxford and half in Warwickshire. The country here is exceedingly pretty — finely timbered, with fat, sloping pastures, ridged from old ploughing or draining. There is a Fenny Compton station, near which we cross the line, but the village is safe out of sight; it used to be famous for its yeomen, whose substantial houses are now divided and let to laborers. Pretty as the road is here it has once been prettier, for all along one side of it there is one of those narrow slips of fields that in such a place tell the tale of unmistakable stealing — the inclosure of the wayside grass by some bold bad man. The curious thing here is that telegraph posts stand upon the stolen ground. Does the Commons Preservation Society know whether the Post-Office is the thief? The last Ordnance Map (1815) marks the road as uninclosed, and 'tis visible to the naked eye that the fence is now where no fence can have a right to be.

After the railway for as near as may be four miles there is not a single house of any sort upon the road; in 1815 there was one at least, but it has disappeared, and we have to go two miles beyond the halfway to Leamington before coming to a stable for the morning halt. In compensation, the little village of Ladbrooke reached at last, has gates upon which one may lean away an hour in bucolic bliss. There is a big house with timbered grounds bounding the view on one side, one or more middle-sized dwellings set back in gardens, besides the church, the rectory, and a tiny cluster of cottages, beginning with the very humble inn and ending with the blacksmith's forge, two hundred and fifty souls in all. The church is apparently a fine one, partly fourteenth century, with an older chancel, and a fifteenth-century clerestory, the latest feature, except a new lych gate dedicated to the memory of the last incumbent. The churchyard is open, but the church is locked. Do the country clergy who stand aloof from politics, and keep their parish churches locked, know that they are doing what little in them lies to further the cause of disestablishment? Half-a-dozen paths

\* Gill's River of Golden Sand, p. 277.



converge at the church, three at least crossing one broad meadow where the long grass rivals the billowy radiance of ripe corn; can anything be more truly democratic? In the dim ages when this church was built none doubted that the one building that every one wished to walk to should be made accessible to every one by a direct short cut; it may be doubted whether, but for the number and popularity of these "church paths," there would be a single footway in England open now; there is a homily in their defence, wherein strong words are not lacking: *inter alia*, "God is not bound to defend such possessions as are gotten by the devil and his counsel," and the preacher, not content with denouncing the flagrant sin of those who "grind up the ancient doles and marks," to the disinheriting of rightful owners, laments too the immoral, though never illegal, covetousness of those who "plough up so high the common balks and walks, which good men before made the greater and broader, partly for the commodious walk of his neighbor, partly for the better shack in harvest-time, to the more comfort of his poor neighbor's cattle." Then, in more special reference to these church paths, he goes on: "It is a shame to behold the insatiableness of some covetous persons in their doings; that, where their ancestors left of their land a broad and sufficient bier-balk to carry the bier to the Christian sepulture, now men pinch at such bier-balks, which by long use and custom ought to be inviolably kept for that purpose; and now they either quite ear them up, and turn the dead body to be borne further about in the high streets; or else if they leave any such meer, it is too strait for two to walk on." Here is by implication the social doctrine "to every man according to his wants;" the one thing no man can do without is the bit of earth that opens to receive his bones, and Church and State, law and religion, agree to assure his right to a decent journey thither. But churchyards have, perhaps, before now been the chosen scene for a reflection that all our life is a journey to the grave; this being so, it is consolatory to learn from another Elizabethan homily that by divine right we may make the journey decently. But these pretty radical paths were never meant to lead to a locked door; and a village church is good for something more than for the rural congregation (when there is one), to say its prayers in on Sunday. It is a monument of ancient faith, of a long-lost fraternity of purpose through-

out the land, of a liberality lavish enough to bestow on hamlets finer buildings for the common use than many a large town now erects with much pother of subscription lists and beggary. For the present the nation has no common creed to profess, no common worship to perform—we do not say public prayers to Mammon—in these national edifices, but that is only the more reason why the church doors should stand open wide, that all who list may enter and breathe a prayer in passing.

The moral is plain, that whensoever the whole nation shall be as unanimously resolved to bend its steps anywhither as our ancestors were, to be christened, married, and entombed within the precincts of the parish church, then again as of yore, custom, religion, and law will lend their sanction to the claim and the good will of the people shall be done on earth.

Celles-ci sont pour l'an trois mil, ainsi soit-il !

The sermon of the locked church door lasts a long hour by the June sunshine, and there are appointments to be kept ahead. Again upon the road, we make a sharp turn to the west, leaving the respectable town of Southam, with its spires on our right. Beyond the little village of Ufton, perched on its little hill, we cross the Roman Fosseway, which will meet us again beyond Leicester, as its line is the chord of the arc we are describing. Interest in Radford Semele cools as we learn that the king's name has to do with nothing more mythological than the whilom presence of a family that might just as well have spelt itself "Simely." Long before Leamington is in sight sure tokens herald the vicinity of a watering-place, a town laid out for the pleasure of its residents; the well-kept roads have a soft "ride" on one side, the wide raised footpath is furnished with benches, and tall trees on either hand give shade and freshness. In his wrath at the kindred fopperies of the tax-eaters of Cheltenham, Cobbett would not deign to look at the expensive town, but the extreme prettiness of Leamington may suggest another moral to a milder age. Here are over five thousand inhabited houses, twenty-five thousand and odd mortal specimens of our ugly species, and yet a good fourth or fifth of the area they occupy is by no means ugly—some of it is positively agreeable to behold. We shall have occasion to remember this lesson in Leicestershire. Private and hired carriages by

the score frequent the ornamental drives leading to Warwick and Kenilworth. For the sake of "John," or rather of his children, to whom it is fitting that he should take back some traveller's tale, the law against sight-seeing is relaxed and Kenilworth Castle included in the route. With cockneyfied surprise we note an unbridged streamlet across the most frequented road. From Kenilworth to Coventry there is a long reach of much-admired highway, wide and bordered with trees like a great park avenue, and for once in a way the effect is fine; but the Fenny Compton solitudes are really prettier, and we suspect that the other is mainly admired for being public while looking so much more like private property.

To-day's stage is a short one and we halt at Coventry, but have little leisure to "watch the three tall spires," one of which alas! was about to be vested in scaffolding and virtually rebuilt, not in wantonness, but because the fabric is really insecure. An ugly but serviceable steam-tram groans and pants through the venerable city and up its steep hill, but as we pass out of it on Thursday morning, by the Foleshill side, it is hard to realize that we are leaving behind a larger population than that of Oxford. This district is sacred to the memory of George Eliot. Foleshill itself, a straggling manufacturing village with nearly eight thousand inhabitants, lies to the right of the road which passes through fair wooded pastures before reaching the ugly little town of Bidworth, with about the same population as Abingdon, but with a squalid, coal-dusty look; a very coal-dusty little public invites custom pathetically under the sign of the Old Black Bank; where will not sentiment find itself a hook to hang itself on? Thrice between Coventry and Griff the road crosses the "brown canal" where half a century ago, the little sister caught her fish and learnt, "Such was with glory wed."

The old church of Chilver Colow, once abandoned to the ministrations of the Rev. Amos Barton, is in the angle where the road turns eastward to Nuneaton and Leicester. The former is a clean, pretty little country town about the size of Abingdon and Bidworth, but, like the former, dating from ages when the aggregation of men for industry did not necessarily imply the mere multiplication of mean brick buildings all alike in ugliness. From Coventry to Leicester is about twenty-five miles, and we propose to sleep at Melton Mowbray seventeen miles further, so this time the day's journey has to be divided

into three stages. Hinckley, a small manufacturing town (about eight thousand inhabitants) is half way to Leicester, but with memories of Market Ilsey and Ladbroke churchyard still fresh we cannot willingly contemplate a halt at the Old Black Bank or hostelrys of similar associations. Leicestershire, as we enter it by turning for a few yards down Watling Street, has a somewhat naked look, a country with open reaches of land and sky, which needs the contrast of a few smiling, sheltered human settlements to make one call it open and breezy instead of bare and bleak; for half an hour, leaving more to fear than hope, we resolve the anxious question, will Hinckley prove a blot or an ornament to the landscape? Slowly, in silent sadness, we pass through—in by the Coventry and out by the Leicester road, and choosing mercy to man rather than beast we trust ourselves to the chance of villages ahead rather than waste a summer hour in these dingy streets. Allow something for the hasty judgment of an irresponsible wayfarer spoilt by the *bonnes fortunes* of former days. I am fain to hope that all the domestic, social, and political virtues flourish at Hinckley; it has co-operative stores and building societies, there is a hill behind it with a view, and though rich in modern ugliness, the town is old, and the ringing of the curfew bell is provided for by an endowment of land to pay the ringer. But when all possible justice has been done to all the sterling virtues we know of or can imagine, the fact remains that the town of Hinckley is not a gracious spot. The stocking loom was introduced here at an early date, and the place was comparatively more important at the end of the eighteenth century than it is now; the population was between four and five thousand, and as a proof of its singular healthiness it was stated that for eight weeks not a single death had occurred. Since then the place has not quite doubled in size, but as we remember Leamington that is no valid reason why it should have lost its good looks; for it had good looks to lose.

So we turn our backs on Hinckley, and faring three or four miles further, reach the younger and smaller and so far more inoffensive settlement of Earl Shilton, where a church spire rises hopefully among trees on the crest of the hill up which the village street appears to straggle. Since we accepted the hospitality of the villagers at the sign of King William the Fourth, it would be ungrateful to

prophesy that Earl Shilton quadrupled will be another Hinckley; leaving man and beast to King William's tender mercies we steer for the church spire and emerge upon a green meadow leading up to the churchyard. This is planted upon the very brow of a little cliff-like descent, and from this vantage ground a fresh reach of slightly varied open country is spread out before us to the north-east. The churchyard gate is locked, but the wall is low; . . . the church of course is locked; but that grievance has been exhausted already; there is a wide porch with stone seats both at the north and south door, and from the welcome shade of the former we look out in peace upon a scene of beauty. 'Tis the second cloudless day, and the sun's heat has been gathering strength; now at high noon it bathes the plain in a white haze, to which the cool stone porch and bright green turf on the foreground serves as a frame. Earl Shilton, though not beautiful itself, looks out on beauty enough to let us part from it in charity.

The nine miles of road between it and Leicester are solitary again; a park or two and the highway spinnies survive as relics of what old maps called Leicester Forest, though it was really a royal chase, and as such alienated in the days of Charles I. Presumably we pass through Glenfield parish, formed of three hamlets three miles apart, and with a total population of about one thousand souls, but the highroad gives them all a wide berth. The approach to Leicester is rather fine, and the allotment gardens, carved out of the common pastures of the Leicester freemen, are very interesting. Only townsmen could so covetously make the most of every inch of the tiny plots, and one's heart warms to the microscopic greenhouses and liliputian arbors, where one can imagine happy families sitting on Sunday afternoon, each under its own scarlet-runners; unless, indeed, the local puritanism which wages a holy war against Sunday cricket closes the allotment gardens on that day. In English towns of a certain size a tourist's inquiries after the best hotel are apt to receive alternative replies, according to the blue or buff shade of informant's political sympathies. A clerical referee remembers that the archdeacon stays at the King's Head, while a Liberal resident is still more confident in recommending the Queen's. In Leicester we follow Bradshaw to the Bell. Here the decoration of the coffee-room is political but ambiguous. A large photograph

represents a spacious hall, with dinner-tables spread for many guests, while a handful of spectators contemplate the empty seats, title — "The Great Conservative Banquet." Is this meant for subtle irony, and are we amongst Radicals who thus commemorate a fiasco on the other side? Apparently not. The waiter's gravity rebukes the frivolous thought, as he condescends to explain that the photograph represents M. le Propriétaire and a few friends, like a general and his staff surveying the future field of battle.

Leaving the hospital portals between five and six, we pass out through Belgrave, a kind of suburb connected with the town by tramways. Factories and manufacturing villages are dotted about the neighborhood, and as we pass through the streets of Thurmaston and Syston, women are seen at the windows and on doorsteps at work at the "seaming and stitching" of the hosiery woven in the town. Their earnings average under a shilling a day, and they have to fetch the work or pay a commission to the middleman. In 1874 a trade union of the women seamers and stitchers was formed, and the society succeeded in getting a list of prices adopted by arbitration, which raised the prices of the worst paid work twenty-five per cent. But the difficulties in the way of organization can be imagined when it is said that the halfpence which form the subscriptions have to be collected from members scattered in twenty-seven villages. Ten and twenty miles a day was often tramped in winter by the energetic women who formed the first committee of the society, which numbered nearly three thousand members in its first year. Apparently the ladies of Leicestershire are an energetic race, for in Thurmaston a Mistress Ruth Somebody combines the function of postmistress, shop keeper, and parish clerk.

Beyond Syston we pass again almost suddenly into rural solitudes, a land of "spires and squires," with fine churches, cosy villages, with from sixty to six hundred inhabitants, spacious parks and fat pastures, which the red cattle share with sheep, who look oddly out of place in the long grass to eyes fresh from Hampshire downs and turnip-fields. The abundant finger-posts testify that we are in the heart of Daneland; between Rearsby and Brooksby the road runs along the top of a round ridge or wold, not too broad to allow those who pass along the summit to look down into the green valleys on either side, where are Hoby, Rothesby, Frisby,

Symesby, and Kirby Bellairs, with Gaddesby, Kettleby, Saxelby, Welby, Brentingby, and many more with the same termination in the middle and remoter distance. This effect of the road along the upland — which is on too small a scale to be called a down, and yet has all the breeziness of one and more view than a good many — is characteristic of the neighborhood, and will meet us again beyond Melton Mowbray, where we have found quarters for the night before the curfew bells begin to ring. Here, as every one knows, pork pies are turned out by the ton weekly, and, as a great hunting centre, there is stabling for seven hundred horses.

There only remains a stage of thirteen miles to be taken before breakfast next morning. One small and pretty village — Thorp Arnold — lies between Melton and Waltham on-the-Wolds, the name of which speaks for itself. The country is of the same character as it has been since Rearsby. Waltham, which used to have a market, still holds an annual horse and cattle fair; the old "bell close" lets for 15*l.* a year, which pays for the bell which rings at eight o'clock, morning as well as evening. Croxton Park (pronounced Crozton), between Waltham and Croxton Kerrial, belongs to the Duke of Rutland, and a modest manor-house, picturesquely situated but of no use to the owner of Belvoir, has been half destroyed, half converted into a farm. Finely antlered deer graze upon the racecourse above the park, and some three miles off, on the other side of the road, Belvoir Castle towers impressively through the morning haze. The drive through Croxton Park opens on the highroad just opposite the gate of the drive to Belvoir; the traveller may thus, according to his taste, either pity the sorrows of a poor duke whose landed property is cut in two by the public road, or marvel at the instinct of "agglomeration," as the Chinese called the practice while they suffered from it. Since the schoolmaster has been abroad the natives of this region have learnt to pronounce the name of the duke's castle as it is spelt — Bel, bell, and voir to rhyme with choir. Popular education has the same tendency everywhere. Board-school children in the Borough talk about South-wark instead of South-ark as well-to-do Londoners used to do, and in general those to whom reading is a new art, insist on reading as they think correctly all those proper names which have acquired a traditional mispronunciation. The point is a little curious

as a matter of social psychology, for the mispronunciation probably originated with an aristocracy that could not spell the names of the places and people it habitually spoke of. When the mispronunciation had become established it was regarded as a refinement of education to know what names should be mispronounced and how. The middle class was more anxious to talk like its betters than to read more correctly than they. To make Cholmondeley or Marjoribanks into quadrisyllables and to pronounce Belvoir as it is written was supposed to show an ignorance worse than that of letters, namely, that of the manners and customs of "county families." But this ambition passes over the heads of elementary schools. A little further on and the journey ends at one more pretty, well spired and squired village. The reader has not seen the May blossom nor basked in the silent sunshine, and he may find the unadventurous progress dull. But seeing is believing, and it is worth while for those who live in towns and suffer the costs of over population to realize what is meant by the statistics which tell of a falling off in all the agricultural counties. Oxford, Coventry, and Leicester are the only towns of any importance upon this one hundred and fifty miles of road; if Leamington is added to these, there remain only eighteen towns and villages with a population ranging from one to ten thousand; deducting these and a proportionate amount of the whole route, say, to be on the safe side, as much as half, there will remain seventy-five miles of highroad in the middle of southern England with an average population around that may be approximately calculated at forty-five to the square mile; to be on the safe side, say fifty, for we certainly traverse districts that are much less populous than the part of Hampshire where the exact area of the parishes as well as the population was ascertained. Explore what part of rural England you will, the result will be found much the same, and it is not one creditable to our practical sagacity.

Treble the population of the purely agricultural districts, treble the amount of labor spent upon the land, and re-arrange the distribution of the produce, the gross produce will be increased, the trade of country towns will revive, and the revival of local markets will further stimulate agricultural production. The artisans of Leicester are not millionaires, but they probably invest as much capital per acre in their allotments as a market gardener;

what we want is to have village lands cultivated up to market-garden pitch. John, the paterfamilias already mentioned, has something to say on the subject of why we do not get it. He has lived for fifteen years as groom and gardener with a country clergyman. When his enfranchisement as a county voter became imminent, we had the curiosity to inquire into his political opinions; needless to say that he disclaimed the indiscreet pretensions to anything of the kind. However, we tried him with the land question. Good cottages, he thought, were very well, but a man wants a bit of ground of his own. A reference to Mr. Stubbs's contention that the land is "labor-starved," set the stream of his eloquence loose; the state of this and this piece of land is "something shameful," and, in fact, bad farming and bankrupt farmers are more plentiful than bad harvests can in any way account for. To continue the subject, the rector lends John Mr. Stubbs's little book to the man, and a year or two later when he leaves the parish, John announces his desire to stay behind and take Absalom's farm of thirty odd acres. A man with six children only just growing up has saved very few pounds, but the fifty pounds he considers indispensable are promised as a loan by a friend of fifteen years' standing. The negotiation goes off upon the question of rent, the farm contains some of the land which has been "used shameful," the fences are all in a bad condition. We induce John to correct his too hopeful estimate as to the price of crops, and warn him against ruining himself by undertaking to pay a rent beyond what the land will bring in after he has kept his family. Thus encouraged he asks for a reduction for the first year, which we privately think insufficient, but the agent (it is shanty land) calmly tells him that if anything is taken off the first year as much again will be put on the second, and the more he thinks of it the worse the bargain seems; so John will stay among the wage-earners. The rent he is asked to pay is close on two pounds an acre for a small farm in bad condition; a large farm in the same neighborhood has been let in despair, "he hears say," at 7s. 6d. an acre; he is a silent, mild man, wanting in no due reverence for the powers that be, but as we trot along the lanes he allows himself to observe that "it do seem rather unreasonable."

Emigration meetings in Whitechapel and depopulation in Wiltshire "do seem rather" unreasonably near together; and

it is a suggestive exercise to look with the bodily as well as the mind's eye "first on this picture, then on this."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## CHANCE CONTINENTAL ACQUAINTANCES.

TRAVELLING in company is all very well for bachelors barely come to years of discretion and innocent of the ways of the world. They are shy with strangers, are seldom at home in foreign tongues, and consequently they are inclined to cling together in a sense of mutual dependence which cements their friendship. Should they differ over-night, they make it up in the morning, and are better friends than before. But if a man have attained maturity, still more, should he be going steadily down the hill, he is far happier alone, if he know something of the world and the Continent. The rare intimacies he has preserved are infinitely too precious to be lightly risked on the chances of frequent conflicts of opinion. Any of his cronies whose intimacy he values, is very certain to have a decided will of his own; and the one who is worsted in any argument over plans or arrangements, will have his revenge sooner or later—may probably sulk in the mean time. If the pair are wise, they will part company promptly, confessing that they had better never have started together.

Of course there is no rule without exception, nor are we speaking of those exceptionally sweet-tempered companions of whom we can recall one solitary example, whose sportive humor was well known to, and loved by, Maga's readers. He is gone, alas! upon a longer journey; and perhaps an irreparable loss may have made us more fastidious and exacting. We may take it for granted that any bachelor well past middle age has gradually become wedded to his own ways; his juniors would call him capricious or "cranky," if not actually eccentric. All the same he has still a keen enjoyment of life, and seeks the very salt of life in congenial society. Because he "sports his oak" through the morning in his snug rooms in St. James's, there is no reason why he should not go the round of his clubs in the afternoon, and welcome agreeable dinner engagements for the evening. On the contrary, after solitary communion with himself or with his books, he comes forth all the fresher and the more sparkling, and does his duty to society by show-



ing himself to society at his best. So the solitary traveller of a certain age, with some shrewd experience and social gifts, may positively be a social benefactor. Few people will confess, even to themselves, how wearisome they have found family travelling. There are not many of us who, like Dr. Johnson, find it difficult to travel over their own minds, or the minds with which they are perpetually in contact. Pick out any family party at a *table d'hôte* — the father, the mother, the two rosy-cheeked daughters, and the hobbledehoy from the public school. They seldom open their mouths, from the soup to the sponge-biscuits, except to stow away solids, sweets, and German soups, or to sip from the family bottle, too liberally diluted with water. Or keep your eyes on the Damon and Pythias who are bound for the Alps or the Dolomites, and seated opposite. Damon may be as brazen-browed a young barrister as ever "heckled" a refractory witness when he chanced to hold a circuit brief; while Pythias, previous to taking holy orders, was the glory and the "golden mouth" of his college union. But though they do sustain some kind of conversation, they keep it up *sotto voce*; and though both are casting eyes at the cherry-cheeked maidens opposite, they never dream of even upsetting the salt-cellar by way of breaking the ice with an apology. As for the blushing bride and the simpering bridegroom hard by, of course they are consecrated to each other by the peculiar circumstances, and it would seem an act of ungentlemanlike profanity to intrude upon their silent raptures. It might seem so; but what we would say to you is "only try," supposing always you have a dash of grey in your whiskers, and that the faint traces of crow's-feet beneath the eyes make a *prima facie* presumption for your standing and respectability. There is always the off-chance of being snubbed; but in that case, and if you have made your approaches discreetly, you may set the bride down for a simpleton. Ten to one, whether she have come from the Shetlands, from West Galway, or from Belgravia, she is a lively and light-hearted lass, oppressed by the novelty of her position. We do not say she has had enough of the husband she has vowed to adore; far from it. Doubtless if your eyes could follow them on their retreat from the table, you would have ample evidence to the contrary. But she does begin to get bored with him in public, when the flow of soft nothings is temporarily checked, and, in the appre-

hension of indiscreet ears, they fall back on conventionalities or commonplaces. In passing the potatoes, you say something that draws an answer, and then in sheer civility you follow that up by remarking on the heat of the room and suggesting the opening another window. The bride brightens up and answers modestly. She is evidently quite willing to talk, so long as you speak simply and somewhat paternally. She would have doubtless met with more coyness the advances of Pythias, who, judging from the gorgeous color of his necktie, is rather inclined to set himself up as a lady-killer. And when once you have made her smile, which is easy enough, the husband is pricking up his ears, not jealously but curiously. The poor man is slightly tired of *toujours perdrix*, though the partridge is sweet and tempting as bird can be. He pricks his ears to fresh talk from the outer world, and emerges from the enervating atmosphere of bliss, in the assurance that he will return to it with the zest of new enjoyment.

It may be harder work forcing the defences of the severe father and mother, who have enclosed their blooming daughters between them. Though you know nothing of the grizzly-headed gentleman with the stubby brown beard, he may be a great man and a consequential in his native city. He may be rolling up a fortune in cotton or pig-iron, and each of these maidens may be a fifty-thousand-pounder. "Ware hawks" is his motto; and having seldom been abroad, he suspects every man he sees of being a scamp and a fortune-hunter. But human nature is human nature. Alderman Jones misses his occupations, and his business friends, and the Cottonopolis morning mail. He gruffly acknowledges your observation on the weather, and goes the length of objugating the heat. Touching lightly on the cathedral, which he seems much disposed to curse, you interest him with some remark on the local industries. He looks at the grey hairs and the crow's-feet, and is reassured; and in five minutes more, floundering out of some reckless statistics, to borrow a vulgar expression, Jones and yourself are as thick as pickpockets. Like a practical man as he is, he proceeds to pick your brains as to routes and the coinage, which have been sadly puzzling him in his unfamiliar capacity of uneducated courier. Gratefully he goes through the ceremony of something like a presentation to Mrs. Jones; and the odds are, if you care for it and you play your cards

diplomatically, and if the party should chance to have a private sitting-room, he requests the pleasure of your company at coffee with the family. Probably you do not care for it. Probably you prefer to make friends with Damon and Pythias, who, though they apparently have been self-contained, are really readily accessible. You adjourn with them to the smoking-room; the hours go by most agreeably; and by the time you separate, it may rest with yourself whether you do not accompany them on the day's journey on the morrow.

We hear a great deal of the *mauvaise honte* of our countrymen abroad. *Mauvaise honte* there undoubtedly is; but for the most part it is only skin deep, and it merely needs a little confidence, with some slight tact, to penetrate it. As for foreigners, they have next to none; though some nations—and the educated French in especial—are more reserved and more distant than the English. Perhaps they have a reasonable excuse for reserve in the very promiscuous exodus of our population in the autumn. What really chills conversation, not to speak of conviviality, at *tables d'hôte*, is that same confusion of tongues which set the builders of Babel by the ears. English people, as a rule, speak no language but their own. It is simple patriotism with a Frenchman not to know a single word of any foreign tongue. Even their professional novelists, from Victor Hugo downwards, make a point of blundering the simplest English or German phrase—firing wild shots in the air out of their inner consciousness. And the Englishman, in the apprehension of not being understood, dares not draw the German or the Dutchman or the Russian, who probably can talk English both grammatically and fluently. Only the other day we dropped in late to a *table d'hôte* at Interlachen. We had been tramping and travelling alone through the day, and were fasting for conversation as for food. We felt as much disposed for the one as for the other. The dinner was well advanced; the soup and fish had been served; and seldom have we sat down in a less promising company. Opposite us was a little group of Americans, with singularly handsome features, but grim and puritanically forbidding. The father, in a prehistoric costume, might have been one of the Pilgrim Fathers; the mother, in a gown of brocade and a superstructure of twisted grey hair, might have stepped down from an old family portrait in some venerable

mansion of Boston. While the daughter, though she inherited her mother's good looks, and, like Aphrodite rising from waves, was lightly attired in a sea-foam of billowy white muslin, might have been drinking verjuice for Medoc, if one might judge by the contraction of the lips that seemed made for smiling and kissing. On one side of us was something like a Swiss *savant*, spectacled and slovenly, who kept his head stooped over his plate, as if he were suspiciously analyzing the contents, which nevertheless he greedily swallowed. On the other side was a priest with the air of an ascetic, who austere turned away his eyes from beholding vanity in the shape of the graceful form of the fair American. The only other member of the party was a painfully shy young countryman, who kept subtly shifting himself by inches from the oppressive vicinity of the New England matron. Had we all been expecting the fall of an avalanche, the silence could not have been more appalling. Nothing short of growing desperation, with a glass or two of Beaune, could have induced one to break it. Feeling that failure would force us to feign a bleeding of the nose and beat a precipitate retreat, we "went for" that Pilgrim Father. Somewhat unceremoniously we took his nationality for granted, and said something as to the latest telegrams about General Grant, who at that moment was lying between life and death. The Pilgrim Father, who proved an uncommonly good fellow, had known the president well, and appreciated foreign sympathy. He had known Lincoln too, and Lowell, and ever so many more,—statesmen and soldiers, literary men and leviathan speculators. He could talk eloquently, as most of his countrymen can orate, and yet he could listen and edify, and had the patience to answer questions. The Swiss *savant* awakened up and cut into the conversation: as it turned out, he had given lectures and lessons in Chicago and Philadelphia; he knew the American continent well—from the Lakes to the Hudson; while he had an extensive acquaintance with European literature. The French priest had been detailed on mission duty to Quebec, and had walked his way with only Indian companions through great part of Acadia and the picturesque highlands of New York State. The conversation grew more and more animated: the waiters cleared away the dessert, and nobody paid any attention, till at last the *savant* called for coffee, and asked permission to light a cigar.

The humble individual who had struck the spark, relapsed into the rôle of listener; for even the modest young Englishman, forgetting self-consciousness in lively interest, contributed to throw fuel on the flames by asking intelligent questions. And when the tobacco-smoke began to thicken, we all adjourned to the garden, taking leave of each other like much-valued friends when the ladies made a move to the *casino*.

When you go abroad unattached, with the idea of picking up casual acquaintances, much will depend on the choice of routes. You are hardly likely to make friends if you pass by Paris—at least till you have left the French frontiers behind. Even if the sea be calm in crossing the Channel, there are few and brief opportunities for advances; while in stormy weather, though personally proof against seasickness, you will scarcely care to play the Good Samaritan, on the chance of meeting the victim again in happier circumstances. Nor are you greatly tempted; for woman never looks less attractive than when the salt sea spray and the long sickening ground-swell are blanching her cheeks and loosening her love-locks. While in the first-class Parisian hotels there can be no sort of sociability, since they are chiefly used as sleeping quarters. The guests go abroad for their meals, or are served in private sitting rooms. We should rather recommend the Antwerp or the Queensborough and Flushing routes, which take one straight to Cologne, the starting point of the tourist country. Going to Flushing, there are undoubtedly drawbacks, but they may be turned to excellent account. We are shot out of the steamer in the early morning, when there is neither time nor inclination to swallow more than a cup of tea. But the air from the Scheldt and the winding channels among the islands, although damp, is fresh; and after an hour or two among the dykes, the Dutch lagoons, and the sea-arms, appetite loses patience, and begins to become clamorous. Call as we will, the only answer from the maidens in the station refreshment-rooms is in the shape of Dutch cheese, flat beer, and schiedam. The delicately nurtured British female can hardly break her fast on such literally raw materials. It is a case of the wise and the foolish virgins. Ladies who seldom leave home in England without stores of sandwiches and sweet-cakes in their travelling-bags, have started now absolutely unprovided. They have cast themselves adrift, as on one of the

rafts of the Medusa. While you, as a veteran traveller who has previously suffered, for once in a way have packed a basket at the club with claret, cold chicken, and the necessary condiments. Prudently, and in the prevision of what might possibly happen, you have laid in ample supplies, and prepared yourself for the practice of hospitality. On the opposite side of the carriage sits a gentleman, apparently in attendance on a sister and a cousin. The ladies, who have hitherto seemed somewhat unapproachable, begin obviously to be a-hungered. Indeed they say as much, and their *cavalier servante* plunges out at Middleburg in search of something to supply their needs. Needless to say, he comes back empty-handed, or with a slice of the aforesaid Dutch cheese and a wedge of gritty and indigestible brown bread. The girls turn up their pretty noses, and one of them, in an outbreak of pettishness, pitches the untempting viands out of the window. You smile sardonically to yourself, but say nothing in the mean time. The amateur courier is sent to make a similar attempt at Rosendaal, with no better success; though this time he is roundly abused below the breath for coming back empty-handed. Hunger is taming the impracticable beauties; they are inclined to descant upon their woes and seek sympathy from the stranger. Already, as a three-hours' travelling acquaintance, they were regarding him compassionately as a companion in misfortune. That is the moment for Mephistopheles to play his trumps. You bring down the basket from the net overhead; you spread a snowy napkin on the cushion beside you. You lay out the rosy-colored roast chicken, delicately cut up; you flank it with appetizing slices of French roll, and show a tiny *pâté de foie gras*. There are salt and mustard in neat ivory cruets; the sliding silver cup comes out of the morocco case, and there is a long flask of St. Estophe or St. Emilien. You are leisurely going to work, when a sudden idea seems to strike you. Considering the famine-stricken eyes that have been watching your proceedings, the idea might have occurred to you not unnaturally. "Possibly the ladies may not have breakfasted. I need hardly say I should be only too happy," etc., etc.

And are not the ladies happy too? Only ask those eyes of theirs, whatever the lips may say. Talk of that parable of the Good Samaritan, or of the story of St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar. One such present and practical illustration is

worth any amount of Biblical or legendary study. Regardless of the slight apology, only muttered for form's sake, in another minute you are doing the honors of the *déjeuner* to your fair friends; and they are bound to you body and soul for the journey and all future occasions. The hours fly by, which is more than the train does; and you drive to the Hôtel du Nord at Cologne, still independent and unattached, but with a pleasant party at your disposition.

We know most of the good hotels in Europe fairly well, and we should say that Hôtel du Nord at Cologne is the most entertaining and instructive of all caravansaries. A caravansary it is, where great routes converge from all directions — where the tourist, for the most part, merely perches and passes on. But it is comfortably and even luxuriously kept, considering the incessant bustle and scramble; and there are archaeological and romantic attractions in the city of the three kings which invite the æsthetic and the artist to linger. So the ruck of the tourists rush forward and disappear; while the best of them take up a temporary residence while they are making acquaintance with the venerable Meister Wilhelm or Meister Stephen, and doing the churches from the cathedral downwards. So the *table d'hôte* is the queerest conglomeration in Europe of all sorts and conditions of men. Taking your place where it pleases the seneschal or head waiter to dictate, you put in for a lottery. You may be in luck as to your neighbors, or you may be in evil vein; but in any case, it is very sure you will have ample matter for observation and speculation. You see the usual proportion of honest English folk, very much abroad indeed, and transparently simple in their characters. You see invalids with affectionate companions, bound for the German baths; and Israelites with hooked noses and thick lips, who have evidently broken loose from the Berlin Bourse for a holiday, and are celebrating the passover to England, as they combine business and pleasure, with copious libations of champagne or sparkling Rhenish. You see Germans of substance, feeding greedily for their money — the meal being served at so many marks — but reversing the immortal practice of Falstaff, by sipping a minimum of acid Rhine wine to excessive quantities of solid food. While, if you address yourself to your *convives*, on the strength of delusive signs of nationality, you are liable to fall into strange mistakes.

There are many Frenchmen like the illustrious Victor Hugo, who talk of Paris as the centre of the habitable globe; as the brilliant pole-star of the world's illumination; as the mother of progress and of thought. It may be so, though we see reason to doubt it; and we often fancy that too patriotic Frenchmen confound sunshine with comets, and planets with shooting-stars. But we are sure that if imitation in things more material be the sincerest flattery, England has her share of Continental compliments. Hungarians, Austrians, and Russians, Italians and Dutchmen, and even occasionally Germans when they have cut their hair and cast the slovenly slough of their universities, patronize the sartorian art of the severer English school, and affect English scarves and collars. It is long since you might have taken it to be a matter of course that the cosmopolitan fashionables who run race-horses at Vienna or Baden, or go in for the *tirs à pigeon* at Baden or Monte Carlo, have ordered their clothes from Saville Row, and their hats from Piccadilly or New Bond Street. But of late years that fashion has been spreading and going lower in the social scale. A few weeks ago, for example, we made a double mistake at the Nord. Coming in late, we were seated next a gentleman who looked correct and austere old English all over. We meant to "draw him" at leisure, though we feared there need be no great hurry. His character might be morally unimpeachable, but we misdoubted his social gifts. When we did venture upon him, he proved to be a Dutch government official, with about a dozen words of broken English at command, but voluble in both German and French, and a thoroughly good fellow. That say-nothing-to-nobody manner of his had been put on with his English attire; it was merely an admirably natural exaggeration of the British *morgue* with which we are credited in the Rue Rivoli caricatures, and at the *cafés chantants* of the Champs Elysées. Almost opposite, on the other side of the table, were a couple of young university freshmen, of sporting proclivities, — so they seemed at least. There could surely be no mistaking the shooting-coats, the cream-colored scarves, and the horseshoe breastpins? They blushed ingeniously, and were so painfully ill at ease that one was inclined to address and encourage them in common charity. While we were procrastinating and discoursing with our Dutch neighbor, they had summoned courage to call for a

bottle of Marcobrunner. Evidently they understood their complaint and its treatment. They clinked glasses ceremoniously with tremulous fingers and drank; they filled and they drank again. Their tongues were loosened; they launched out in the talk of the Fatherland; and there they were, a couple of as boisterous and bumptious young Bonn students as ever woke the echoes of the Popplesdorf Avenue with their wild night-catnaps!

Yes, there is much of the *comédie humaine* to be seen at Cologne, — if you care nothing for the quaint Romanesque of the churches, for the imaginative realism of the early artists, who rang the changes of the most fantastic conceptions in their fiends, if they stereotyped simpering smiles on the faces of their angels, or for the relics of the sanctified virgin martyrs that grimly panel chancel and transepts in St. Ursula's shrine. But seeing the human comedy in the most bustling of hotels must always be very much matter of chance. You may drop into a vein of ill luck, where there is little but the conventional or the commonplace; you may be hustled into the corners of an overcrowded pit and catch nothing but flying glimpses at a dim phantasmagoria of figures. If you care to loiter comfortably, metaphorically speaking, in a quiet stage box, you had best take your travelling ticket by a river steamer. And the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence, or *vice versa*, is still the grand highroad of tourists. There was a time, before the introduction of railways, when every one was bound to travel by boat. The river is pleasanter now for purposes of quiet contemplation, than before the railways had thinned and weeded the rush. Now, as a rule, the mob hurries forward by trains that give comparatively speedy despatch. But more intelligent and impressionable people prefer the express boats, which, touching only at Bonn, Coblenz, etc., leave leisurely opportunities for enjoying the river scenery. You may miss, of course, the very exceptional few who love to linger on the beauties of Childe Harold's "exulting and abounding river," who loiter along the banks, dream among the shattered ruins, and explore the charms of ivy-covered cloisters religiously sequestered in the side valleys. You may miss the *élite*, but that cannot be helped; and after all, you enjoy the company of a tolerably select residuum. Then the old traveller who has long been familiar with the Rhine, who has steeped his senses in its associations, in its traditions, and its manners, has

many an opportunity. He has drunk the *Maitrank* on the Drachenfels in May, months before the advent of the harbingers of the earliest summer flight of the tourists; he has picnicked under the arches of Heisterbach — the magpie brook — with learned friends and their excellent housewives from Bonn University; he has stepped out over the heights of Ehrenbreitstein from Coblenz to stake his florins on the green tables at Ems; he has cast his flies in the Lahn, consecrated to anglers by Sir Humphry Davy; he has broken his fast at midday in many an upland village, where the water, springing from its limpid source beneath the massive stone fountain, rushes down the steep single street between barns and haystacks, under the blazing sunbeams that are deflected by the broad, overhanging farm-eaves. The scent of those old days is in his nostrils — of the crumbling mortar and the dank nettles in the dark castle court — of the rich hay that has been won, without a shower, from the hanging meadows on the spring-lighted hillsides. The inspiration of memory fires his fancy, and lends persuasive eloquence to his speech. We have not a word to say against Murray or Baedeker; but neither Murray nor Baedeker can hold a candle to him. He has had leisure, in those low flats above Cologne, to look about and select his prey among the listless companions of his journey. He volunteers a timely elucidation to a party puzzling over a panorama of the Rhine. As the Seven Mountains begin to rise more conspicuously above the river, he predicts what is to appear round the next corner. He is at home in Victor Hugo's "Rhine" — a book strangely neglected — in Lord Lytton's "Pilgrims," in "Childe Harold," and all the rest. In short, he has the legends and romance of the river at his fingertips; indeed he has embroidered them with his fancies in his lonely walks and in much solitary communing. If he finds flint to answer the sharp stroke of his steel, he cannot help being suggestively and originally sparkling. The father of a family might mistrust that sparkle, were you younger; as it is, he considers this chance acquaintance a singularly well-informed man, and more than suspects he may be "somebody." The matronly lady listens to a good deal she may not understand, but, on the whole, is of opinion that it is very edifying talk; while the romantically minded daughters, even to the child of fourteen in short petticoats, are hanging entranced upon his lips, as he



tells of melancholy love-passions, from that of Roland and his cloistered betrothed to the tragedies and the witcheries of the Lurlei.

But the ruined keeps above the terraced vines grow monotonous, and the tales of love and of chivalry will repeat themselves and pall. Very well; you can change the subjects when it pleases you—and, heaven knows, there is comical interest enough in the foreground of those solemn pictures of the past. You talk of love; there may be less of romance in it nowadays, but it is a passion to which those domestic Germans will be constantly and devotedly addicted. We are ready to lay any odds in reason that there will be at least half-a-dozen newly married German couples on board. The gliding of the high pressure boat against the gentle current of the stream is in happy harmony with their tranquil satisfaction. And we are prepared to bet freely on the double event, that three couples out of the half-dozen have clasped hands and interlaced their arms round their waists. It is a charming trait of their simple manners that they indulge in innocent endearments in public, without the slightest trace of false shame. Nevertheless, and all love-stricken as they are, they have begun as they hope to go on. Twenty years hence, with clusters of their shooting olive plants around them, you would meet them in the beer-gardens from Cologne to Berlin, devouring sausages and sauerkraut, and drenching themselves with lager beer. Now, in the silvery smiles of the youthful honeymoon, they are "restoring" nature with sips from the long necked flasks of Niersteiner, and nourishing their simple self-contentment on smoked ham, sliced sausages, or summer fruits. But Venus does not have it all her own way, by any means. There is a more boisterous and convivial bachelor element that gives itself over to the worship of Bacchus, and to the consumption of the strongest and most rancid cigars. The well-to-do German who has broken away on a brief holiday, or who has never given growing pledges to fortune, always appears to celebrate his outings by incessant eating and drinking. To be sure, between the rich Rheingau and the vineyards of Bacharach—which had a greater reputation, according to the "Golden Legend," in the Middle Ages than at present—there is exceptional excuse for sacrificing to the vine-god. The managers of the Cologne and the Düsseldorf Steam Company are wise in their generation; and the wine supplied by their

stewards is both respectable in quality and cheap. So there sit the merry toppers, from dewy morning into the falling shadows of the eve, soaking steadily and smoking indefatigably. They give their orders, when the steamer has slipped from her moorings at Cologne, for tippable that is still and light. As the light liquor mounts slowly to the brain, they rise steadily through the prices in the *carte*. Nevertheless, and knowing the danger of the wine-fumes on empty stomachs, they keep calling for the sausages, the raw ham, and the smoked salmon, which serve as ballast to the body while they perpetuate the genial thirst. But that is merely preliminary trifling, and they are lying back for the one o'clock *table d'hôte*. Then they mean to come with a rush. They dive impetuously below at the announcement of the head waiter, to come up again steadied and weighted, if not sobered. They have made it matter of conscience in the mean time to get full value for their marks. And now, with a lighter heart and an easier conscience, they can go on calling for fresh liquor. The corks are flying sonorously from the bottles of sparkling Moselle and Rhenish; and faces that were pallid in the morning grow ruddy, through that ever-thickening veil of tobacco-smoke from the foully unfragrant cigars.

These ostentatiously convivial gentlemen are indulging in an occasional carnival. It is not every day they make holiday, or spend that holiday on a Rhine boat. But the fact that they confound dissipation with enjoyment—that they sit all the day upon hard benches or crank campstools, in place of stretching their legs along the broad deck-promenade,—gives the key to the great popularity of the German baths. They are become a national institution, because they are a national necessity. And they continue to be a national necessity, because during the cure the diseases are being fed which the waters are meant to cope with. All our readers ought to have read Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles from the Brünnen of Nassau." And every one who has read them must remember his vivid picture of the early German dinner. Doctors who find their account in chronic indigestions, in liver complaints, and all the evils which gluttony is heir to, have done nothing to discourage that meal; and precisely the same thing is going on to-day. So we cannot say that our German friends are seen to most advantage at their baths. They are grappling at once with heavy meals and overgrown livers; they eat even

to exceptional excess, on the strength of strolls after the morning waters and fixed prices for interminable dinners, and they are disappointed that the waters do not work miracles. On the other hand, the English at these baths are unusually good-humored and accessible. You go to Homburg at the end of the London season. You dine — we will say — at the Victoria; you recognize half-a-dozen of acquaintances in the room, and see some dozen faces besides familiar to you in the Park or Piccadilly. You all meet again in the early morning round the Wein Brunnen or the Stahl Brunnen. You have all been dining and lunching so freely for many months that it is a positive relief to find the excuse of inferior feeding for putting the muzzle on in comparative abstinence, while the fresh breezes from the Taunus hills make all feel infinitely lighter. But after that first sense of physical relief, *ennui* will infallibly follow. Lawn-tennis and other distractions notwithstanding, Homburg is dull after the whirl of gaiety in London. In the natural reaction, people are thankful for small mercies; the rather flat expeditions to the Taunus are things to look forward to and to look back upon; and we need hardly say that stiff social barriers are broken down, and that the man who can put some life into a picnic is sure to be a welcome acquisition. You may form fast and lasting friendships, or you may merely exchange bows with your Homburg intimates when you chance to meet again at home. In the mean time you live in the day, taking small thought for the morrow. You knock up delightful little dinners at your respective hotels; and when you have conscientiously gone through the three weeks' grind of the waters, you exchange confidences as to future plans, and may arrange to meet again in lower Switzerland or the Engadine.

Nothing can be more sociable than the Engadine in winter; so many people are imprisoned together in a great hotel, and are forced into friendships in sheer self-defence. They skate together; they dine together; they flirt or compare notes with each other; they sympathize with each other's ailments, and when sick or sorry they exchange consolations. But no place can be less sociable than the Engadine in summer. To every one save enthusiastic Alpine Clubmen, the chief charm of Switzerland in the season is the enjoyment of the balmy evenings after dinner. In the Engadine after sunset, it is bitterly cold, so that sitting or sauntering out of doors

is impossible. It is impossible to make one's self agreeable, enveloped in furs or in ulsters, when the hotel-keepers, if they knew their own interests, should provide their clients with foot-warmers. How different is it in one of the typical hotels in the Swiss lowlands, — say, for example, the Beau Rivage at Ouchy, or the admirably managed Schweizerhof at Lucerne! There we look on the labors of the day as an agreeable prelude to the intellectual languor of the evening. You go up the Rigi or Mount Pilate in the morning — you may avail yourself of the Rigi railway for the ascent, should you feel lazy. You go down the lake to Fluelen and Altorf, credulously conjuring up the grand myth of Tell and the apple, or sympathizing, in the mountain shadows of the very scenes, with the better accredited story of the "honest conspirators" of Grütli. No one of the somewhat Cockney expeditions, except that of Pilate, is more than a light day's work; and you may walk as much or as little as you please. You come back to the late *table d'hôte* which the intelligent Messrs. Häuser have arranged at 7.30. There is an excellent dinner, and very good company should you find yourself happily seated. But even if you have been unfortunate in your next-seat neighbors, you may retrieve that over the coffee, when all the world adjourns to the verandah outside, to smoke and listen to the music. Supposing the evening to be fine, what scene can be more enchanting? The starry heavens are reflected in the sleeping lake; while to right and left, in the soft lustre of the moonshine, rise the summits that are the sentinels of the Alps, thrown out upon outpost duty. The gentle plash of oars on the water comes to the ear from time to time, through the murmur of the mob of loungers on the promenade before the door. Nothing is more natural or more easy than a self-introduction, as you entangle your chair in some trailing skirt, or resign yourself diplomatically to giving up your place to a lady. For seats are at a premium before that orchestra on the improvised platform; and as you do not personally care for dessert, you have secured a good one by anticipating the rush from the dinner-tables. Having resigned your chair, and being reduced to leaning against one of the columns of the verandah, you are repaid in the cosmopolitan coin of grateful looks and subsequent small talk. The talk turns, of course, on the schemes for the morrow. And then you meet your acquaintances of the evening before, on

the steamer bound for Vitznau, and the ascent of the Rigi, or elsewhere.

The Rigi expedition is intensely Cockneyfied, no doubt; but all the same, it is picturesque, and may be extremely agreeable. From the picturesque point of view there is not much to choose between going up in the olden time in a caravan of ponies and bag bearers, or in scaling the cliffs in a train that is carried up by extraordinary gradients. Practically, for the student of human nature the modern system is an advantage. The company is more promiscuous than before, and the tourists are consequently more amusing; while in the babel of voices and the scramble, like instinctively draws to like. Had we all ridden up at a foot pace or walked in a blazing sun, your fair friends of the evening before would have been wearied, worried, and out of temper. They would have been looking out on the ride upwards for the stumbles of their mounts, and troubling themselves about damage to their complexions. Between their bridles and their sunshades, their minds would have been more than preoccupied. Whereas they have come in cool and collected, on stepping out of the train at the Schiedeck or the Kulm: they are longing to stretch their limbs, and predisposed for the scenery as for the luncheon. Now that we are more than middle-aged, we have outgrown the wild fancy of sleeping on the Kulm to see the sunrise. Nothing except a party in quarantine in the height of a cholera panic can show much more miserably than the shivering group of unkempt and unshaved mortals prematurely turned out of their warm blankets to stand shuddering in these penetrating fogs. Nor do we hold greatly with the fashion of sojourning in hotels lower down on the hill, where a long continuance of rain and mists may blot you blankly for a week or more out of the lower world. But Cockney though the place be, a glorious noonday upon the summit of the Rigi comes as near to pure enjoyment as anything upon earth. As for the wide view of vales and mountains, of villages, rivers, and slumbering lakes, it is hardly possible to over-praise it. When the air is still and the heavens are serene, the lights and shadows falling on the waters far beneath, are things that can never be forgotten. It was but a few weeks ago we looked down on the Lake of Zug, from a vulgar Vanity Fair of paltry booths and ragged beggars. Yet the spirit shook itself free from its surroundings, soaring up, or rather sinking down, into fairyland. For the lake was

shaded from the brightest emerald to a profound steel-colored blue; while each fleecy cloud flung a heavy black shadow many feet below the surface, as if some demon, in an ineffectual attempt to mar the beauty, had been emptying Brobdingnagian ink-bottles into the water. In such circumstances, when you are coming back to earth from the romance world, you turn naturally to those around you in a craving for sympathy. These lights and shadows that elude the pencil or the brush, suggest poetry and art, and those world-renowned masters who have groped their way with more or less success into the very sanctuaries of the ideal. And in a moment like that you make greater progress in intimacy than in the casual meetings of half-a-dozen years in the crushes of a London season.

But we have said more than enough to indicate the possibilities of enjoyment in solitary summer touring. At all events, were we to go on, we should certainly repeat ourselves. Yet we have not touched on many of the types of tourists who are a pleasure or an interest to those who come across them. There is the scurrying American, full of 'cuteness, ignorance, and inquisitiveness, who is a capital companion when you are in strong health and high spirits, and who will in any case be hurrying ahead of you at your next halting-place. There is the educated American — thoughtful, lettered, and refined — who, from his inexhaustible funds of research and observation, will teach you far more than you are ready to learn. There is the independent lady tourist, who roves abroad "on her own hook," and who is rather brisk, versatile, and able-bodied than what is popularly known as strong-minded. If the *convenances* permitted, and if she would have more consideration for the frailties of the flesh, we should ask no better temporary travelling comrade. She is always light and bright, and is as many-minded and as quick to reflect flashes from everything around as any patent light-house reflector with its myriads of facets and prisms. Her irresistible energy would be too much for ordinary males: she would be knocking one up at abnormal hours; she would be absolutely indifferent to food and meal-times; and being necessarily frugal, like most spinsters of a certain age, would sooner billet you in some clean mountain *auberge* than in the best-managed hotel of the low country. Cleanliness and comfort are her watchwords of travel; and as to comfort, you and she would be perpet-

ually at cross purposes. But she comes as a blessing we have often had good cause to appreciate, when we have met her of an evening in dismal weather in one of those "homely hotels" which she loves to patronize. We might multiply examples of the kind, but we must bring these rambling experiences to a conclusion. We think they may have pointed the moral, that it may be more prudent to depend on chance acquaintances than to risk hazarding those solid friendships which are more precious as they become more rare. In the one case the loss may possibly be irreparable; in the other, the gains may probably be considerable.

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From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"YES, I wish you had not said anything, Frances; not that it matters very much. I don't suppose he was in earnest, or, at all events, he would have changed his mind before evening. But, my dear, this poor young fellow is not able to follow the same course as Markham's friends do. They are at it all the year round, now in town, now somewhere else. They bet and play and throw their money about; and at the end of the year they are not very much the worse — or at least that is what he always tells me. One time they lose, but another time they gain. And then they are men who have time, and money more or less. But when a young man with a little money comes among them, he may ruin himself before he knows."

"I am very sorry," said Frances. "It is difficult to believe that Markham could hurt any one."

Her mother gave her a grateful look. "Dear Markham!" she said. "To think that he should be so good, and yet — It gives me great pleasure, Frances, that you should appreciate your brother. Your father never did so — and all of them, all the Warings — But it is understood between us, is it not, that we are not to touch upon that subject?"

"Perhaps it would be painful, mamma. But how am I to understand, unless I am told?"

"You have never been told, then — your father — But I might have known he would say very little; he always hated explanations. My dear," said Lady Mark-

ham, with evident agitation, "if I were to enter into that story, it would inevitably take the character of a self-defence; and I can't do that to my own child. It is the worst of such unfortunate circumstances as ours that you must judge your parents, and find one or other in the wrong. O yes; I do not deceive myself on that subject. And you are a partisan in your nature. Con was more or less of a cynic, as people become who are bred up in society as she was. She could believe we were both wrong, calmly, without any particular feeling. But you, of your nature, Frances, you would be a partisan."

"I hope not, mamma. I should be the partisan of both sides," said Frances, almost under her breath.

Lady Markham rose and gave her a kiss. "Remain so," she said, "my dear child. I will say no harm of him to you, as I am sure he has said no harm of me. Now, let us think no more of Markham's faults, nor of poor young Gaunt's danger, nor of —"

"Danger?" said Frances, with an anxious look.

"If it were less than danger, would I have said so much, do you think?"

"But, mamma, pardon me, if it is real danger, ought you not to say more?"

"What! for the sake of another woman's son, betray and forsake my own? How can I say to him in so many words: Take care of Markham; avoid Markham and his friends. I have said it in hints as much as I dare. Yes, Frances, I would do a great deal for another woman's son. It would be the strongest plea. But in this case, how can I do more? Never mind; fate will work itself out quite independent of you and me. And here are people coming — Claude, probably, to see if you have changed your mind about him, or whether I have heard from Constance. Poor boy; he must have one of you two."

"I hope not," said Frances seriously.

"But I am sure of it," cried her mother with a smile. "We shall see which of us is the better prophet. But this is not Claude. I hear the sweep of a woman's train. Hush!" she said, holding up a finger. She rose as the door opened, and then hastened forward with an astonished exclamation: "Nelly!" and held out both her hands.

"You did not look for me?" said Mrs. Winterbourn with a defiant air.

"No, indeed; I did not look for you. And so fine, and looking so well. He must have taken an unexpected turn for the better, and you have come to tell me."

"Yes, am I not fine?" said Nelly, looking down upon her beautiful dress with a curious air, half pleasure, half scorn. "It is almost new; I have never worn it before."

"Sit down here beside me, my dear, and tell me all about it. When did this happy change occur?"

"Happy? For whom?" she asked with a harsh little laugh. "No, Lady Markham, there is no change for the better: the other way — they say there is no hope. It will not be very long, they say, before —"

"And Nelly, Nelly! you here, in your fine new dress."

"Yes, it seems ridiculous, does it not?" she said, laughing again. "I away — going out to pay visits in my best gown, and my husband — dying. Well! I know that if I had stayed any longer in that dreary house without any air, and with Sarah Winterbourn, I should have died. Oh, you don't know what it is. To be shut up there, and never hear a step except the doctor's, or Roberts' carrying up the beef-tea. So I burst out of prison, to save my life. You may blame me if you like, but it was to save my life, neither less nor more."

"Nelly, my dear," said Lady Markham, taking her hand, "there is nothing wonderful in your coming to see so old a friend as I am. It is quite natural. To whom should you go in your trouble, if not to your old friends?"

Upon which Nelly laughed again in an excited, hysterical way. "I have been on quite a round," she said. "You always did scold me, Lady Markham; and I know you will do so again. I was determined to show myself once more before — the waters went over my head. I can come out now in my pretty gown. But *afterwards*, if I did such a thing, everybody would think me mad. Now you know why I have come, and you can scold me as much as you please. But I have done it, and it can't be undone. It is a kind of farewell visit, you know," she added in her excited tone. "After this, I shall disappear into — crape and affliction. A widow! What a horrible word! Think of me, Nelly St. John; me, a widow! Isn't it horrible, horrible? That is what they will call me, Markham and the other men — the widow. I know how they will speak, as well as if I heard them. Lady Markham, they will call me *that*, and you know what they will mean."

"Nelly, Nelly, my poor child!" Lady Markham held her hand and patted it

softly with her own. "O Nelly, you are very imprudent, very silly. You will shock everybody, and make them talk. You ought not to have come out now. If you had sent for me, I would have gone to you in a moment."

"It was not *that* I wanted. I wanted just to be like others for once — before — I don't seem to care what will happen to me — afterwards. What do they do to a woman, Lady Markham, when her husband dies? They would not let her bury herself with him, or burn herself, or any of those sensible things. What do they do, Lady Markham? Brand her somewhere in her flesh with a red hot iron — with widow, written upon her flesh?"

"My dear, you must care for Mr. Winterbourn a great deal more than you are aware, or you would not feel this so bitterly. Nelly —"

"Hush!" she said with a sort of solemnity. "Don't say that, Lady Markham. Don't talk about what I feel. It is all so miserable, I don't know what I am doing. To think that he should be my husband, and I just boiling with life, and longing to get free, to get free; I that was born to be a good woman, if I could, if you would all have let me, if I had not been made to — Look here! I am going to speak to that little girl. You can say the other thing afterwards. I know you will. You can make it look so right — so right. Frances, if you get persuaded to marry Claude Ramsay or any other man that you don't care for, remember, you'll just be like me. Look at me, dressed out, paying visits, and my husband dying. Perhaps he may be dead when I get home." She paused a moment with a nervous shivering and drew her summer cloak closely around her. "He is going to die, and I am running about the streets. It is horrible, isn't it? He doesn't want me, and I don't want him; and next week I shall be all in crape, and branded on my shoulder or somewhere — where, Lady Markham? — all for a man who — all for a man that —"

"Nelly, Nelly! for heaven's sake — at least respect the child."

"It is because I respect her that I say anything. Oh, it is all horrible! And already the men and everybody are discussing. What will Nelly do? The widow, what will she do?"

Then the excited creature suddenly, without warning, broke out into sobbing and tears. "Oh, don't think it is for grief," she said, as Frances instinctively came towards her; "it's only the excitement,



the horror of it, the feeling that it is coming so near. I never was in the house with death, never, that I can remember. And I will be the chief person, don't you know? They will want me to do all sorts of things. What do you do when you are a widow, Lady Markham? Have you to give orders for the funeral, and say what sort of a — coffin there is to be, and — all that?"

"Nelly, Nelly! Oh, for God's sake don't say those dreadful things. You know you will not be troubled about anything, least of all — And my dear, my dear, recollect your husband is still alive. It is dreadful to talk of details such as those for a living man."

"Most likely," she said, looking up with a shiver, "he will be dead when I get home. Oh, I wish it might all be over, everything before I go home. Couldn't you hide me somewhere, Lady Markham? Save me from seeing him and all those — details, as you call them. I cannot bear it; and I have no mother nor any one to come to me — nobody, nobody but Sarah Winterbourn."

"I will go home with you, Nelly; I will take you back, my dear. Frances, take care of her till I get my bonnet. My poor child, compose yourself. Try and be calm. You must be calm, and bear it," Lady Markham said.

Frances with alarm found herself left alone with this strange being — not much older than herself, and yet thrown amid such tragic elements. She stood by her, not knowing how to approach the subject of her thoughts, or indeed any subject — for to talk to her of common things was impossible. Mrs. Winterbourn, however, did not turn towards Frances. Her sobbing ended suddenly, as it had begun. She sat with her head upon her hands, gazing at the light. After a while she said, though without looking round: "You once offered to sit up with me, thinking or pretending, I don't know which, that I was sitting up with him all night. Would you have done so, if you had been in my place?"

"I think — I don't know," said Frances, checking herself.

"You would — you are not straightforward enough to say it — I know you would; and in your heart you think I am a bad creature, a woman without a heart."

"I don't think so," said Frances. "You must have a heart, or you would not be so unhappy."

"Do you know what I am unhappy about? About myself. I am not think-

ing of him; he married me to please himself, not me; and I am thinking of myself, not him. It is all fair. You would do the same if you married like me."

Frances made no reply. She looked with awe and pity at this miserable excitement and wretchedness, which was so unlike anything her innocent soul knew.

"You don't answer," said Nelly. "You think you never would have married like me. But how can you tell? If you had an offer as good as Mr. Winterbourn, your mother would make you marry him. I made a great match, don't you know? And if you ever have it in your power, Lady Markham will make short work with your objections. You will just do as other people have done. Claude Ramsay is not so rich as Mr. Winterbourn; but I suppose he will be your fate, unless Con comes back and takes him, which is, very likely, what she will do. Oh, are you ready, Lady Markham? It is a pity you should give yourself so much trouble; for, you see, I am quite composed now, and ready to go home."

"Come, then, my dear Nelly. It is better you should lose no time." Lady Markham paused to say: "I shall probably be back quite soon; but if I don't come, don't be alarmed," in Frances's ear.

The girl went to the window and watched Nelly sweep out to her carriage as if nothing could ever happen to her. The sight of the servants and of the few passers-by had restored her in a moment to herself. Frances stood and pondered for some time at the window. Nelly's was an agitating figure to burst into her quiet life. She did not heed the lesson it taught; but yet it filled her with trouble and awe. This brilliant surface of society, what tragedies lay underneath! She scarcely dared to follow the young wife in imagination to her home; but she felt with her the horror of the approaching death. The dread interval when the event was coming, the still more dread moment after, when, all shrinking and trembling in her youth and loneliness, she would live side by side with the dead, whom she had never loved, to whom no faithful bond had united her — It was not till another carriage drew up and some one got out of it, that Frances retreated, not without a very different sort of alarm, from the window — some one coming to call, she did not see whom, one of those wonderful people who came to talk over with her mother other people whom Frances did not know. How was she to find any subject on which to talk to them?

Her anxiety was partially relieved by seeing that it was Claude who came in. He explained that Lady Someone had dropped him at the door, having picked him up at some other place where they had both been calling. "There is a little east in the wind," he said, pulling up the collar of his coat.

"Was that Nelly Winterbourn I saw driving away from the door? I thought it was Nelly. And when he is dying, with not many hours to live."

"And why should not she come to mamma?" said Frances. "She has no mother of her own."

"Ah," said Ramsay, looking at her keenly. "I see what you mean. She has no mother of her own; and therefore she comes to Markham's, which is next best."

"I said to my mother," said Frances indignantly. "I don't see what Markham has to do with it."

"All the same, I shouldn't like my wife to be about the streets, going to — any one's mother, when I was dying."

"It would be right enough," cried Frances, hot and indignant, "if you had married a woman who did not care for you. She forgot, in the heat of her partisanship, that she was admitting too much. But Claude did not remember, any more than she."

"Oh, come," he said, "Miss Waring, Frances. (May I call you Frances? It seems unnatural to call you Miss Waring, for, though I only saw you for the first time a little while ago, I have known you all your life.) Do you think it's quite fair to compare me to Winterbourn? He was fifty when he married Nelly, a fellow quite used up. At all events, I am young, and never was fast; and I don't see," he added pathetically, "why a woman shouldn't be able to care for me."

"Oh, I did not mean that," cried Frances with penitence; "I only meant —"

"And you shouldn't," said Claude, shaking his head, "pay so much attention to what Nelly says. She makes herself out a martyr now; but she was quite willing to marry Winterbourn. She was quite pleased. It was a great match; and now, she is going to get the good of it."

"If being very unhappy is getting the good of it —"

"Oh, unhappy!" said Claude. It was evident he held Mrs. Winterbourn's unhappiness lightly enough. "I'll tell you what," he said, "talking of unhappiness, I saw another friend of yours the other day who was unhappy, if you like — that young soldier fellow, the Indian man. What do you call him? — Grant? No;

that's a Nile man. Gaunt. Now, if Lady Markham had taken him in hand —"

"Captain Gaunt," said Frances in alarm; "what has happened to him, Mr. Ramsay? Is he ill? Is he —" Her face flushed with anxiety, and then grew pale.

"I can't say exactly," said Claude; "for I am not in his confidence; but I should say he had lost his money or something of that sort. I don't frequent those sort of places in a general way; but sometimes, if I've been out in the evening, if there's no east in the wind, and no rain or fog, I just look in for a moment. I rather think some of those fellows had been punishing that poor innocent Indian man. When a stranger comes among them, that's a way they have. One feels dreadfully sorry for the man; but what can you do?"

"What can you do? Oh, anything, rather than stand by," cried Frances, excited by sudden fears, "and see — and see — I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ramsay! Is it *gambling*? Is that what you mean?"

"You should speak to Markham," he replied. "Markham's deep in all that sort of thing. If anybody could interfere, it would be Markham. But I don't see how even he could interfere. He is not the fellow's keeper; and what could he say? The other fellows are gentlemen; they don't cheat, or that sort of thing. Only, when a man has not much money, or not the heart to lose it like a man —"

"Mr. Ramsay, you don't know anything about Captain Gaunt," cried Frances, with hot indignation and excitement. "I don't understand what you mean. He has the heart for — whatever he may have to do. He is not like you people, who talk about everybody, who know everybody. But he has been in action; he has distinguished himself; he is not a nobody like —"

"You mean me," said Claude. "So far as being in action goes, I am a nobody of course. But I hope if I went in for play and that sort of thing, I would bear my losses without looking as ghastly as a skeleton. That is where a man of the world, however little you may think of us, has the better of people out of society. But that's not the question. I only tell you, so that, if you can do anything to get hold of him, to keep him from going to the bad —"

"To the — bad!" she cried. Her face grew pale, and something appalling, an indistinct vision of horrors dimly appeared before Frances's eyes. She seemed to see not only George Gaunt, but his mother weeping, his father looking on with a star-

tled, miserable face. "Oh," she cried, trying to throw off the impression, "you don't know what you are saying. George Gaunt would never do anything that is bad. You are making some dreadful mistake, or — Oh, Mr. Ramsay, couldn't you tell him, if you know it is so bad, before — tell him —"

"What!" cried Claude, horror-struck. "I tell — a fellow I scarcely know! He would have a right to — kick me, or something — or at least to tell me to mind my own business. No; but you might speak to Markham — Markham is the only man who perhaps might interfere."

"Oh, Markham! always Markham! Oh, I wish any one would tell me what Markham has to do with it," cried Frances with a moan.

"That's just one of his ways," said Ramsay calmly. "They say it doesn't tell much one way or other, but Markham can't live without play. Don't you think, as Lady Markham does not come in, that you might give me a cup of tea?"

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From The Spectator.

#### DEAN CHURCH ON THE PSALMS.

IN that remarkable series of sermons which the Dean of St. Paul's has preached in his own cathedral during the month of August, the most remarkable perhaps was the one on the Psalms and the Prophets. "Surely," he said, in introducing the subject of the sermon, "there is nothing more wonderful in the religious history of our race, than the interval between the Book of Judges and the Book of Psalms. In Judges we have the picture of a society lost in rebellion and apostasy, of a coarse and stiff-necked people whom the law had not curbed even to an outward obedience, whom no deliverances could bring to a better mind. It closes in shame and desolation and blood, which Saul's troubled and disastrous kingdom could not repair. That is the history; and then we come to the Book of Psalms, not yet, of course, in its earliest portions, all that it was to be, but still even in its earliest portions marked with that special character which gained for the whole collection the name of the Psalms of David. In the Book of Psalms, the religious affections are full-grown; it was the highest expression of them that the world was to see. The profoundest religious thinkers have met there what they feel after. The highest saint cannot soar higher to the eternal throne of justice and love.

And where were the foundations of this laid? Where did they come from? Songs of triumph like those of Miriam and Deborah, prophecies like those of Balaam, lyrical retrospects like the Song of Moses, thanksgivings like Hannah's, or laments like David's over Saul and Jonathan." Perhaps the dean overlooked in that enumeration that wonderful early lyric, Jacob's dream. Nothing suggests to us so powerfully the germ of the attitude of mind which the Psalms developed, as the account of the dream in which a ladder is seen uniting heaven and earth, and from which Jacob awakes to say, "Surely the Lord was in this place and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God: this is the gate of heaven." Certainly the religious affections are not "full-grown" there. But the attitude of mind is there in that first tremulous sense of the reality of the inward communion with God, of which the "full-grown" affections of the Book of Psalms are the natural maturity. For, as the dean says most truly, "in the Psalms the soul turns inward on itself, and their great feature is that they are the expression of a large spiritual experience. They come straight from "the heart within the heart," and the "secret depths of the spirit." "Where," he asks, "in those rough, cruel days, did they come from, those piercing, lightning-like gleams of strange, spiritual truth, those magnificent outlooks over the kingdom of God, those raptures at his presence and his glory, those wonderful disclosures of self-knowledge, those pure outpourings of the love of God?" Well, we should say they came partly from the recoil which those "rough and cruel days" produced, but from a recoil which had only become feasible after the soul had learnt that there was an escape from the outer world possible, that there was truly "a refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," in which the soul of man could take sanctuary, "though the earth do change, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." The most passionate utterance of the religious life has always, and not unnaturally, resulted from the cruelty and violence of a sensual world. Indeed, the problem which the dean puts so powerfully before us, — the problem how it was possible in such an age as that of the kings of Israel to anticipate the most spiritual feelings of the most spiritual ages of the world, — of those ages which saw even the life of the Redeemer, and of those which rehearsed with the fondest minuteness every trace

of that life left to them, — finds, perhaps, the best solution we can give it in the fact that in that early age the spirit of man was not, in its most religious moments, distracted from God either by the intellectual yearnings or by the human sympathies which crowded out its religious life afterwards, and which so often crowd it out now. It is remarkable enough that the passion of tenderness to man, which the dean observes as appearing almost for the first time in the later Isaiah, — if the assumption that there were two prophets thus designated may be granted, — is hardly visible at all in the Book of Psalms. The deep and passionate sense of the love of God for man, — of his wonderful and almost inexplicable love for such a creature as man, — is in the Book of Psalms from beginning to end. But there is very little indeed of the feeling that man ought to love, even if only for God's sake, a creature whom God loves so tenderly. The burden of the Psalms is the wonderful goodness of God; the burden of the later Isaiah is more and more the reflection of that goodness in the love of man; and the reason, we take it, why, after the time of Christ, the religious thinkers of genius, like St. Augustine and the author of the "Imitatio Christi," wrote in a style that recommends itself even to the Positivists of to-day, — thinkers who eliminate the central idea, the person of God, from their meditations, — is that, in these religious writers the love of God becomes so inextricably identified with the love of man, that it is easy even for those who place an idealized humanity in the vacant heavens, to substitute for the purely religious vein of thought, the closely allied philanthropic vein on which alone they care to dwell.

Now, it seems to us that a great deal of the wonderful beauty of the Book of Psalms consists in the fact that this time had not yet come. The religious heart was in those days alone with God, in a sense in which it has never been alone since. The lesson which St. John enforces, and which it was most easy for those to enforce in whom a single human love had concentrated at once all that they counted most real in their whole life, human or divine, — "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" — was a lesson quite foreign to the minds of the greater number of the Psalmists. The authors of these wonderful poems certainly found it much easier to love God than to love man, and their only theme of perpetual wonder was how it had been possible for God himself to love man.

"What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" was the frequent burden of their grateful wonder. The heart which could say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee; my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever," was certainly not distracted from God by the crowding confusions and bitter cries of human misery.

No one could read the Dean of St. Paul's wonderful sermon on the Psalms and the Prophets, without being at first staggered by the thought, Is there in the modern world, in spite of the Christian teaching of near two thousand years, anything to compare in depth, and freshness, and reality of religious feeling with the religious feeling of the Psalms? Well, we are disposed to think that there is not. But we do not think that it is so staggering a thought as it at first appears, and just for this reason, that in the education of the human race there have been so many strands of new purpose introduced since the age of the Psalmists, that it is hardly possible to conceive that the pure heaven of religious feeling, as it presents itself where there is no distracting conflict between it and a multitude of other obligations and ties, should have leavened as yet the whole lump of humanity such as in this century we find it. The mere intellectual problems with which the world has been occupied since the religious education of the heart was presented in its completest form, have been distracting enough, for it is difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the claims they have made on the attention of men, and the magnitude of the interests they have added to the secular life of men. The development of science and philosophy alone in the last two hundred years will undoubtedly account for a great diversion of energy from the religious life to the life of the intellect; and no one can deny that the development of science and philosophy is a part of the divine purpose for man, not less truly, though in a much more subordinate sense, than the development of his religious life. Again, the development of science is as nothing compared with the development of the passion of pity for man as man, which is a very different thing indeed from the pity for man as a creature of God; and in our own day we see that this last growth has been the cause of a much more temporary but a much more serious diversion of energy from the religious life, than even the rapid

growth of intellectual and physical science. We say that the development of the passion of pity for man as man, has caused a much more temporary, though a much more serious, diversion of energy from the field of the invisible to the field of the visible universe, than the abnormal growth of man's intellectual life, for while the latter at present shows no signs of leading us directly back to God, the former — the immense growth of the passion of pity for man as man — does, we think, show very definite signs that it will break down all the natural barriers and constitutional limits under the restraints of which alone the nature of man can thrive, unless it brings us back — as it will bring us back — the much deeper and truer and wiser pity which is felt for man as the object of God's love. The great series of electric storms through which Europe has been passing ever since the occurrence of that wonderful outbreak of feeling for "liberty, fraternity, and equality," which we call the French Revolution, have to our minds proved how easy it is for the passion of pity to overreach itself, and to end in something like the fierce cruelty of the present Nihilist movement. It is the same with milder outbreaks of the same feeling when they ignore the sobering influence of religion. They all appear to end in excitements which overstrain the heart of man, and result in consequences the very opposite of those intended when the great wave of feeling was first set in motion. But who can wonder that with so much new experience of all kinds, — intellectual, moral, sympathetic, — to be assimilated, the religious life of man should not now be as fresh and vivid as it was at the time when almost the sole object of the divine training was the implanting of that religious life? Meanwhile, the Book of Psalms remains to show us the centre from which our spiritual life was first developed, and the centre to which it must return, after it has conquered all these distracting influences of intellect and emotion, and reduced them to acknowledge its humbling and sobering and spiritualizing sway.

From Time.

#### A TRAGIC TALE.

ERCOLE STROZZI was a poet of the famous Florentine house living in exile at the court of Alfonso I., duke of Ferrara. The Latin verses he composed in

honor of Lucrezia Borgia, then duchess of Ferrara, won him the applause of Italy. They may still be read with pleasure. He passed, moreover, for one of the handsomest men of his time, dressed splendidly, and enjoyed the favors of many gentle ladies. His heart, at last, was permanently engaged to Barbara, a daughter of the noble Torelli family, and widow of Ercole Bentivoglio. She returned his affection, and they were married on May 29, 1508. Thirteen days after this event Ercole Strozzi was found at daybreak, dead, wrapped in his mantle, near the church of S. Francesco in Ferrara. His throat had been cut, and his body was pierced with twenty-two wounds. Locks of his beautiful long wavy hair, torn from the head, lay on the street around him. No inquiry was made into the murder. The duke, usually so rigid in his justice, offered no reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of this crime. It was, in truth, Alfonso d'Este who had instigated the assassination. He cared for Barbara Torelli, and the courtier poet, who had presumed to marry her, paid the penalty by a tragic death. Rumor laid the blame of the deed upon Mesino del Forno, the duke's bravo. But only one voice was raised against the tyrant. That was the voice of Barbara, who, in the sonnet I am going to translate, hinted in covert phrases at the powerful author of her misery. Giosuè Carducci, the foremost living poet of Italy, says rightly that this sonnet ranks among the very few fine poems written by Italian women.

BARBARA TORELLI'S LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND ERCOLE STROZZI,  
MURDERED AT FERRARA BY THE ORDER OF DUKE ALFONSO I.

Extinguished is Love's torch, broken his bow,  
His arrows, quiver, and all empery,  
Now that fierce Death hath felled the forest tree  
Under whose shade I slept, nor dreamed of woe.  
Ah, wherefore may not I, I also, go  
Down to that narrow tomb where destiny  
Hath laid my lord, whom scarce ten days  
and three  
Love bound in holiest chains before this blow?

I'd fain with my heart's fire that frosty chill  
Loosen, and with these tears moisten his clay,  
Stirring to quick new life that dust so cold:  
And afterwards I'd fain, dauntless and bold,  
Show him to one who broke Love's band,  
and say —

"Such power hath Love! Monster, thou could'st but kill!"

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



From The Spectator.

## REST OR RECREATION?

EVERYBODY is off for his holiday, and yet hardly anybody gives any thought to the question what the chief use of a holiday is, and how best this may be secured for himself. Perhaps to the very young it does not much matter. Secure young people a moderate amount of change, and the great elasticity which is in the young is sure to enable them so to assimilate that change as to restore all the energies which are in them, and of course to renew those which were in any sense exhausted. But as men and women get on in life, the question how best to use a holiday so as to restore vividness and elasticity to the energies which have been most exhausted, becomes a very different and much more delicate one. There is perhaps no sadder sight than to see the fruitless attempts made to shovel out amusement among a number of aging people, — the inhabitants, for instance, of a number of almshouses. The present writer saw the other day some vans full of poor old men and women discharged at a little inn in a country road, without any arrangement having been made to provide for their comfort or amusement. The old men managed to stump about, without any sign of enjoyment indeed, but also without much sign of fatigue. There was no evidence that the excursion gave them any pleasure, but there was no evidence that it added to their suffering. But to see the old women sitting down wearily on heaps of stones at the roadside, and looking greyer with disappointment in the ill-conceived attempt to give them pleasure than their age and infirmity alone would have made them, was one of the most pitiable sights that can be imagined. The truth is that nothing makes people feel more forlorn than a miscarried attempt to enjoy themselves, and that nothing is easier for those who have passed the elastic age than to miscarry in such attempts. Indeed, if you try to provide amusements in the lump for the old, you are almost sure to miscarry. What suits one is very little likely to suit the other, and the old have so little redundant life in them that any attempt to constrain the energy they have into artificial channels is pretty sure to fail. In the case of the old, rest is the first condition of recreation, and to fag them with fatiguing efforts to which they are not accustomed, is the greatest of mistakes. At the same time, rest, though a considerable part of recreation, is not the

whole. Any one who really wishes to get the full benefit of a holiday should remember that it is by no means enough to provide a sufficient store of quiet and peace, through that is essential to recreation. There is something further that is almost as essential, and that is some kind of gentle exercise for those powers and energies which, being naturally keen and vivid, have yet had least room for activity in the routine of ordinary life. The strict meaning of re-creating or creating afresh, obviously includes the bringing back of dormant energies into activity; and nothing, we believe, really tends so much to the resting of the energies which have been over-used, as the bringing into play of those which have been inactive or suppressed. Nothing is so truly recreation to those whose lot dooms them to hard physical labor as the excitement of some lively mental interest, just as nothing gives so true a recreation to the overstrained mind as a mixture of sympathetic and solitary enjoyments, — the delight in seeing others happy, mingled with the delight in recovering that part of oneself which is kept out of sight by all hard mental labor.

But what men chiefly forget in their holiday-making is that, besides discontinuing their ordinary occupations and substituting for them other occupations which awaken a different class of interests, they should find something for themselves to do which will awaken a new sense of power within them distinct from that which their ordinary vocation awakens. That is the truest new creation or recreation of self which brings into exercise disused powers. The politician who recalls his delight in poetry, perhaps even his own poetic powers; the philanthropist who returns to his special scientific tastes to find them as keen as ever; the scientific man who fills himself with the world of beauty and art; the scholar who revives his theology; the theologian who rubs up his astronomy, — all these create themselves anew, — so long as they do not undertake anything too fatiguing, — in a sense far more genuine than those who simply amuse themselves during the whole time of their holidays. It is the revivification of dormant powers, wherever that is possible, which has most effect in refreshing the whole mind, — in restoring to it its vividness and force. We do not mean, of course, that it is possible to undertake any very severe tasks for the purposes of recreation; for any heavy strain on the will is inconsistent with rest,

which is of the essence of recreation. But of this we are quite sure, that the man who can so employ a part of his holiday as to revive lost visions and to experience again the delight of exerting disused powers, will be far more refreshed by it than the man who simply substitutes for his routine occupations a routine of so-called pleasure almost as monotonous. The revival of a dormant faculty is many times as invigorating as the mere pursuit of so-called amusement. When Mr. Dodgson, the mathematician, employed his holiday in writing "Alice in Wonderland," or when Professor Tyndall employed his in considering and reviewing Dr. Mozley's book on miracles, we suspect that each of them found himself far more thoroughly refreshed than either would have been without that energetic excursion into un-

accustomed fields. The practical world in which busy men and women live is a very narrow one, which only stimulates half their powers. The true secret of recreation is to find, where that is possible, a stimulus for those powers which are not exerted in life's ordinary routine. And though this, of course, is more or less effected by every journey in which wonder is excited and the sense of beauty gratified, it is not effected half as systematically and effectually as it might be, if men would keep more steadily in view the half-submerged tastes and studies of their non-professional life. A man becomes a new man by recovering a submerged portion of himself in a sense far more real than that in which mere rest and passive enjoyment can make him a new man.

**NORTHMEN IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.**—The Wickings, or men of the Wick or Bay in the south of Norway, began to make settlements in the north and west of Scotland in the eighth century. They feared not the stormiest weather; and during such weather they landed on the coasts of Scotland, surprised and slaughtered the natives, plundered the country, and sailed off with their booty. They established themselves first in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Seventy-five Pictish towers are ascertained to have existed in the Orkney Islands, from which it is evident that these isles were well peopled, and that the inhabitants had to defend themselves against invaders. Probably they consisted themselves of several tribes who were frequently at war with one another, so that defence against one another was required as much as against foreigners. The native inhabitants were mostly expelled or slaughtered by the end of the eighth century, and the Norwegians fully occupied the Orkneys. No doubt the native Picts would have fled, from the first, in large numbers to the mainland of Scotland. The place-names in the Orkneys are all Norse, and none can be ascertained with certainty to be Celtic. It is strongly suspected, however, that Birsá, Shapinsha, Stronsa, are Norse modifications of Pictish names; while Yell, Unst, Uyea, and Fetlar in Shetland are probably of Celtic origin. In Shetland, as in the Orkneys, the Northmen were preceded by a Pictish population, and in these isles seventy-five Pictish towers are enumerated by Dr. Anderson (see "What is a Pennyland? or, Ancient Valuation of Land in the Scottish Isles," by Captain F. W. L. Thomas, R.N., F.S.A. Scot., in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries for Scotland). It is probable,

although the Pictish language entirely disappeared in the Orkneys and in the Shetland Islands, that the extinction of Pictish speech was owing rather to the preponderance of the number of Norse colonists than to the entire extirpation of the inhabitants that preceded them. There are some grounds, consequently, for believing that a slight admixture of Celtic blood flows in the veins of Shetlanders and Orkney-men. After having taken possession of the Orkneys and Shetland they proceeded southwards, and effected settlements in the Hebrides, the mainland of Scotland, and Ireland. In the Western Isles of Scotland—which they called Sudreys or Southern Isles, in contrast with Shetland and the Orkneys, the northern isles of Scotland—they seized first on the smaller isles, whence they proceeded, as occasion served, to plunder the larger isles and carry off prey. In stormy weather, when the inhabitants of the larger isles did not expect them, and were off their guard, these fearless marauders made a descent on them, slaughtered them in large numbers, and took possession of their lands and strongholds. In this manner, gradually and surely, they made themselves masters of all the Hebrides, of the opposite coast line, and of the whole of Sutherland—that is, Southernland, which name describes the district in reference to the Orkneys. The "Annals of Ulster" relate that all the isles of Britain were ravaged by the Gentiles (Northmen) in 794. In 806 the family of Iona were slain by them. Blannac, son of Flann, was slain by them in Iona in 825; and in 831 Diarmait fled from Iona to Ireland with the reliquaries of St. Columba; and in 839 they fought a battle with the men of Fortrenn, in which a great number of the Scots fell.

Highland Magazine.